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For The New York Saturday Press

AU REVOIR.

I.

'Twas but a year ago to-day!—
We drank love, then, as revellers wine:
Love was our life, we used to say;
I quaffed from your lips, you from mine.

II.

The parting hour struck like a knell:
The dark ship seemed a funeral car:
I strove in vain to say—Farewell;
Your lips closed mine with—AU REVOIR!

III.

To those two words of hope I clung
As clings a wrecked one to the spar:
Forgive me, for my heart was young,
And youth trusts woman's '*au revoir*.'

IV.

Last night we met again—we two,
Alone! . . None save the stars may tell
How yields the old love to the new,
And '*Au Revoir*' becomes 'FAREWELL!'

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

[*From the New York Herald for Nov.* 5.]

PANIC IN IRVING PLACE.

Downfall of the Ullman Dynasty, and Retirement of Napoleon to St. Helena.

It was, perhaps, absurd to believe that while things generally were going to pieces—while States were in a condition of tumultuous alarm; while banks were suspending, merchants breaking, and manufacturers turning their employés adrift on the world; while the national ship was scudding under bare poles, with the breakers of disunion on either hand—the fashionable world could remain a passive spectator, and the Opera singers decline to take their share in the fight. Still, the Opera season commenced so splendidly last week, everybody was in such ecstacies over that unfortunate 'Jewess,' and Ullman seemed so firmly enthroned, that it really appeared as if he might have lasted at least through a hundred days. But no; the operatic union has dissolved, the singers and the fiddlers have seceded, the season has come to an inglorious and abrupt conclusion, and the little Napoleon, having already made several trips to Elba, is now packing up his things and marking his trunks 'St. Helena.' Here is a copy of his last bulletin:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Dec. 4, 1860.

It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I see myself compelled to close the Opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the 'Jewess' has been received by the Press and the public, the receipts, after the first night, have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganization into which the Opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I cannot do otherwise than retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the Press, the artists, and all the employés of the Opera. I am, dear sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

B. ULLMAN.

The career of the retiring operatic potentate has been a checkered one. He first appeared before the American public as the manager of Madame Sontag's campaign, which he directed with a great deal of skill and success. During this time, he had his memorable quarrel with Maretzek, which resulted in a five years' war between the rival chieftains. Ullman retired from the field for some time, and next appeared as Thalberg's manager. The American career of the great pianist was a very profitable one, and Ullman found himself in the possession of a considerable sum of money, which he invested in the Opera, having succeeded in obtaining a lease of the Academy for four years, and being in possession of the Opera houses at New York and Boston. He brought out Piccolomini, who made a great deal of money in the North, but not enough in the South to pay the heavy expenses of transporting a full company to support her. Piccolomini went over to Strakosch, and left Ullman out in the cold. Subsequently he joined his forces with those of Strakosch, who tried the experiment of engaging unknown singers, and drew blanks instead of prizes. The season was a disastrous one, and sent Ullman to Elba again. Strakosch fell back on the provinces. Ullman borrowed a few hundred dollars, went to Europe, and engaged several new artists. In the meantime, Strakosch had opened the Academy, but failed to make the concern pay. Ullman returned in time to see the grand finale of the season—the Philadelphia performance in honor of the Prince of Wales. The Italian artists, Brignoli, Ferri, Susini, and Muzio, then revolted, taking Colson along with them. Strakosch again deserted Ullman, who did not lose all hope, but managed to get together a good company, and to bring out the 'Jewess,' in splendid style, thus winding up his career with a splendid *coup de théâtre*.

Ullman's experience has not been singular. The history of operatic speculations in this country only varies in its incidents; the results have been always the same. The first person who attempted the management of a regular Italian theatre in New York was Palmo, who had made a snug fortune as a restaurateur, and who lost every dollar he had in the world in the Opera business. Simpson, of the Park, tried it occasionally, and could not make it pay. Sanquirico and Patti succeeded Palmo, and shared his fate. Subsequently the Astor Place Opera House was built, and Fry undertook the management. Same thing over again. Rows with the artists. No money coming in, and a great deal going out. Maretzek succeeded Fry, and had a better prospect; but some of his singers having seceded, under the lead of Salvi, he was forced to undertake a Mexican campaign, the only one, we believe, except his last Havana season, which has been pecuniarily profitable. The victims of the Academy are Maretzek, Strakosch, Ole Bull, Paine, and Ullman. Coit and Phalen burned their fingers here, and various other persons have been slightly singed.

Thus it will be seen that the Opera gives us quite as much trouble as the Union. We have done our best to save both. We have steadily supported the Opera, and believe that one day it will be a permanent institution in New York. That such is not the case now is owing more to the impracticability of the artists than to the lukewarmness of the public. The position of the operatic manager is a very peculiar one. On the one hand he has the public, who demand, as they have an undoubted right to, the performance of his promises to the letter; on the other, he has to reconcile the jealousies and satisfy the demands of a score of artists, all independent of him. If they do not have precisely what they want, they threaten to secede and dissolve the union. This is not exactly the case at present; the question now is that of money, as we understand it; but put Crœsus himself at the head of an Opera house, and he could not manage the artists. And so we find Ullman going out, after ten years' experience, a wiser and a sadder man. He has worked hard—no doubt about that—and has done his best for the public. And it would be no more than simple justice for the Opera habitués to join together and pay him the compliment of a grand farewell performance, to cheer his heart on his lonely voyage to St. Helena. Then let the Opera go to smash until a new impresario appears upon the scene.

[*From the Boston Courier.*]

MISS CUSHMAN AS ROMEO

We give below an English criticism of Miss Cushman's Romeo, which is an extract from Fletcher's 'Studies of Shakspeare.' It is well to hear both sides of the question, whether a woman can consistently or successfully play such male characters as Romeo and Hamlet. Of Miss Cushman's intellectual and physical power there is no question. But we think, with Mr. Fletcher, that she cannot take such parts without failing to give their masculine fire and delicacy, while, at the same time, they are inconsistent with her own womanly nature. To our mind, Miss Cushman lacks imagination. This is shown in the fact that she is willing to attempt to represent such characters, as well as because they want in her hands chivalrous, tender, and manly attributes. They are mannish and fiercely passionate, instead of manly and delicate. As a representer of manly character she fails precisely for the same reason that Miss Brontë and Mrs. Browning failed in attempting to create it, and the result in either case is, that roughness is mistaken for manliness, fierceness for power, and the horrid for the sublime.

Her Meg Merrilles shows marvellous power, study, and effectiveness; but it is hers, not Scott's. She disenchants it of all that Scott's imagination had clothed it with. In Scott, Meg Merrilles is a woman of wild magnanimity, of great, though undisciplined intellect, fired with superstition and local and personal attachment; and her nature shows itself, in the crises of the novel, simple, lofty, heroic, and imaginatively grand. Miss Cushman's is full of extraordinary but bleak power; and, instead of the woman of whom Scott says, 'Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous,' we have the rude fortune-teller as she was before the great novelist's genius lifted her into art and immortality.

So, Lady Macbeth, whose nature, Mrs. Siddons said, is full of womanly delicacy, though strung to crime, and which is, at any rate, high-bred, gracious, and queenly, becomes in Miss Cushman's hands fierce almost to fiendishness. The love and womanly traits through which she obtained and held control of Macbeth, are lost in her direct, wilful, and almost physical hold upon him. Shakspeare's art was so consummate, his balance and adjustment, and the relief and perspective in which all his characters are seen, were so perfect, that one comes away from his tragedies, if properly represented, with a sense of completeness and beauty, and not of pain, in the mind. But Miss Cushman's Lady Macbeth produces sheer unrelieved pain. There is no suggestion of past or present tenderness or delicacy to explain the influence she had originally obtained over Macbeth through his love for her. From the time she gives Duncan her haggish and unqueenly welcome to the castle, down to her sleep-walking, her characterization is graceless, hard, fierce, unqueenly, literal and unimaginative. We cannot excuse such fatal defects in representing Shakspeare to Miss Cushman's hard and bleak power. Her success is so great, and the popular judgment of her seems to differ so much from our own, that we are the more free to express these decided opinions; and we are not now called upon to say for what characters she is fitted, and in which she is or would be unquestionably great.

[From 'Studies of Shakspeare,' by George Fletcher.]

When writing these last paragraphs, we could little anticipate such an exhibition as that which was brought forward on the boards of one of the patent theatres of London, in the following December, 1845. For the honor of our country—the country of Shakspeare—we could wish that such an exhibition should be utterly forgotten; but there are circumstances connected with that performance, which leave us not at liberty to pass it over unnoticed, but demand that we should characterize it distinctly and permanently.

First of all, then, some few weeks after the appearance of the foregoing exposition (a remarkable coincidence, to say the least) it was thought proper to abandon that Garrick version of this play which had kept the stage unintermittedly since Garrick's time, and return to Shakspeare's text, though still with essential mutilations. For this restoration the critics of the London Press gave unqualified credit to the managers and the actors—taking occasion to treat Garrick, and his 'balderdash,' with especial contumely.

So far, their applause of this Shakspearian revival might be very allowable. But what are we to think when we find them, while condemning Garrick's perversion on the one hand, approving on the other a violence to Shakspeare in the personation of the two principal characters, and of the hero especially, at the contemplation of which Garrick himself would have stood aghast!

For the special purpose, then, it should seem, of restoring Shakspeare's work in all its purity, it was announced that Romeo and Juliet were to be personated by two transatlantic sisters—the she-Romeo being advertised as the peculiar and irresistible attraction.

Had it been announced that this hero and heroine were to be represented by a brother and sister, the demand of indulgence from what ought to be the common human feelings and perceptions of any audience, would have been rather large. But in the present instance, a vastly greater demand was made; we were called upon to be interested and delighted by nothing less than the exhibition of two sisters in this peculiar dramatic relation; and to make the matter complete, we were duly given to understand that no particular stress was laid upon the feminine qualifications of the lady personating the heroine of love—that the grand charm was to be looked for in the masculine ones of the lady representing the hero.

We will waste no words upon demonstrating the disgustingly monstrous grossness of such a perversion. To any human beings, whether calling themselves men or women, who need such an argument to convince them, the argument itself would be uselessly addressed. It is idle to talk (as we find certain critics doing at the time) as if there was nothing in the performance itself to remind one's very physical apprehensions that the soi disant impassioned hero was a woman. That any male auditors could think so, would surely prove that we live in a time when there are men with so little manhood as to have almost lost all sense of the essentially different manner in which this passion, especially, manifests itself in the two sexes respectively—as not to feel the revoltingly unnatural absurdity, for instance, of all the hysterical sobbing and blubbering which, in even the most mannish of women, must be produced by such scenes as that between Romeo and the Friar, when the former is acquainted with his banishment,—and more especially that of the tomb, over the seeming corpse of Juliet.

To pursue this consideration in all the detail into which it would naturally lead us, would be so overpoweringly repugnant to our own taste and feeling, that we must at once decline the task,—besides that, as we have hinted already, no such exposition can be of much avail to either man so unmanly or woman so unwomanly, as to need it proving to them that the Juliet of Shakspeare deserves at least a man for her lover. We gladly hasten to dismiss this consideration altogether—to exclude from our mind (which no audience could ever do) the consciousness of the real sex of Romeo's representative,—and, leaving aside the monstrous epicene expression of the part, to consider the essential conception of it which the actress, with such vigorous impropriety, exerted herself to realise.

And here, we must say, the violence done to the moral nature of Shakspeare's hero, was quite as great as that done to his physical nature by this unnatural personation. So far from exhibiting anything of the gentle and sympathetic as well as noble and valiant spirit of the Romeo of Shakspeare,—if the she-Romeo aimed at any ideal whatever, it was an ideal of the most vulgarly selfish and headlong will and appetite. From the beginning to the end,—whether with Benvolio and Mercutio,—with Juliet,—with the Friar,—with Tybalt,—with the Apothecary,—with his own servant,—or with Paris,—there was one determined inveteracy of tone and manner,—which, with the intensely immovable setness of look,—the ungainly angular figure and movement,—the singularly harsh features,—the husky voice of the actress herself,—the nasal utterance and awkward vowel pronunciation of her country,—combined to produce a whole as diametrically opposed to the ideal of Romeo as we have expounded it in the preceding pages, as could have been devised even by the most vivid and powerful imagination. Nor was all this coarse, unmodulated vehemence the less startling because, so far as the histrionic heroine was concerned, it was addressed to a personage with no touch of refinement and no spark of poetry. While the whole personation was rendered but the more revolting by that very restoration of Shakspeare's words, to which the action was more than ever violently unsuited.

In short, if there be anything true in such a personation, then our previous exposition is merely nonsense. If our exposition be right, then the manager who brought forward, the auditors who admired, and the critic who applauded such a performance, have heaped upon Shakspeare an accumulation of indignity which can be expiated only by their seeking and seizing the earliest occasion of showing to the world that they are cured of their bad taste or have discovered their mistake.

Now, we say, more than ever, are we bound to insist that the first opportunity ought to be taken of producing on the London Boards this play, most especially, with the best resources for the personation of the hero and heroine that the profession might even now afford. This, which was very desirable before, is imperatively called for now. That this piece indeed, is one peculiarly demanding a parity of genius between the representatives of its two leading characters, we fully admit; but this consideration becomes quite secondary in the present emergency. It is no longer a question of rendering this drama adequately on the whole,—but of expelling the intensely gross misconception of it lately impressed on the minds of so large a portion of the London public, by the only thoroughly effective means—the bodily presentment of its leading characters, true as to their general conception, and on the feminine side at least—which, we will venture to say, in the great drama of Love, is the more important of the two—with richly and delicately poetic grace and refinement superadded. Let this be done, with a return bona fide to the text, the whole text, and nothing but the text, of Shakspeare—mere verbal suppressions apart, in compliance with modern decorum—let this once be made familiar to our metropolitan public,—and there is little cause to fear that so unnatural an outrage on the great master genius of our country as that recently perpetrated at the Haymarket Theatre, will ever more be tolerated on the London stage.

ANGLO-AFRICAN SUPPER.

By the Original 'Jenkins.'

[We are indebted for the following bit of fashionable intelligence to our colored contemporary, *The Anglo-African*.]

The Anglo-African Supper given for the benefit of Mr. Warren M. Stewart, came off on Thursday evening, the 22d inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms. The assemblage was as fine in every respect as ever had in this city. The orchestra was all that could be desired. The company began to assemble about 11 o'clock; and as they marched into the room, the band playing some very fine marches, the female portion had a good opportunity to display the amplitude and costliness of their dresses. Mrs. D., of Church street, Mad. F., of Park street, and lady companions, made the unusual display in taste, while Miss R. J——n, of Eighth street, Miss E. A., of Thompson street, the Misses H., of Third street, New York, and Henry street, Brooklyn, and Miss J. R., of Third street, each had their admirers. Mrs. G. and her cousin, of Seventeenth street, looked very fine, the former being a bride. Miss R. B., of Clinton Place, looked very neat. Her friends say that her long residence in Paris and St. Petersburg, has improved her very greatly. Mad. M. E. W., of Minetta Place, looked as blooming as usual. But we heard it whispered that Mrs. M. R., of Philadelphia, was the belle of the evening. Her dress was a corn-colored silk trimmed with three lace flounces about six inches wide. Without detracting at all from her appearance, we can say that there were parties present equally entitled to the honor. We think that the 'winsome wee thing,' Miss E. C., of Congress street, who was clothed in black silk with numberless small flounces, and white lace bertha studded with rosebuds, looked as well as the most gorgeously-dressed lady in the room. Mad. R., of Second avenue, looked the very queen of night—at least the Professor seemed to think so. Madame V., of Sullivan street, and Miss C. R., of King street, also looked very pretty. Mad. R., of Eighth street, and Mad. S., of Boston, were both beautifully arrayed. Our fellow-laborer seemed as proud of them as he is of his newly-raised mustache. Taking a stroll up-stairs ere the supper was announced, we found the tables groaning under the weight of the good things provided for the occasion. We found Prof. Pulley at the helm, and of course everything flowed along like a river. It was rather late when the company was called from labor to refreshment, and of course they were fully prepared for the battle; and if swift destruction came upon that vast quantity of provender, it was no more than was to be expected. Going a little higher up, we there stumbled upon a very nice little arrangement of a private nature. Here we found our old friend, Mr. J. H., of East Tenth street, preparing to assault a nicely-roasted chicken and its 'fixens.' Just as we were preparing to beat a retreat, he sung out, "Come in, sir; come in. Mrs. E., let me introduce you to Mr. ——." Of course we were all politeness; but this did not prevent us from using both eyes—one on the lady, and the other on a suspicious-looking bottle which was being conveyed to the table aforesaid. We could not help admiring the fellow's taste—that is, as far as the lady is concerned. Knowing well that distance would add charms to our personal appearance, we made a hasty retreat to the lower room, where the company were now tripping it on the 'light fantastic toe.' Prof. Voorhees, and Messrs. Freeman, Elston, and Nichols, being present, of course the 'Lanciers' was danced to perfection. The toilet of the gentlemen was made up with great care, particularly that of Capt. Casey. The exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and assistants were unremitting. If anybody can present a more highly-gratified company than was that, we would like to be there to see it.

—Messrs. R. Griffin & Co., London, are just publishing their long-promised 'Dictionary of Contemporary Biography,'—the numerous memoirs in which have been submitted for revision to the persons whose biographies it contains.

[*From The Independent, Nov.* 6.]

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away.—
And yet my days go on, go on.

II.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'Good-day'
Made each day good, is hushed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

III.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

IV.

And cold before my Summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here,
While the tears drop, my days go on.

V.

The world goes whispering to its own,
'Tis anguish pierces to the bone.'
And tender friends go sighing round,
'What love can ever cure this wound?'
My days go on, my days go on.

VI.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

VII.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

VIII.

I knock and cry, . . Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort. None?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

IX.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on.

X.

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon,
Good nests and berries red are Nature's,
To give away to better creatures,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

XI.

I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

XII.

Only to lift the turf unknown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say 'Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on.'

XIII.

What harm would that do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

XIV.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on.

XV.

A voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep,
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI.

God's voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne,
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

XVII.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all!—
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

XVIII.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sov'reign thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

XIX.

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere,
Blaspheme against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

XX.

—Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for Thee
Whose days eternally go on.

XXI.

For us, . . whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the good discerns the good,
I trust thee while my days go on.

XXII.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear,
I praise Thee while my days go on.

XXIII.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank Thee while my days go on!

XXIV.

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling . . so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

— A recent number of the Boston *Evening Transcript* contains the following poem, contributed to that journal by WHITTIER:

You ask a merrier strain of me—
The shepherd pipe of Arcady,
The vintage hymn, the hunter's horn,
The reaper's carol from the corn!

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall thrill the smitten strings;
Fate holds and guides the hand of Art,
And lips must answer to the heart.

In shadow now, and now in sun,
As runs the life the song must run;
But, glad or sad, to God's good end
Doubt not the varying streams shall tend.

[*From Harper's Monthly for December.*]

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

I.

It was the last day of the Indiana Conference. All business was dispatched, and the assembled preachers waited only for that last and most important announcement which should decide for each the scene of his next year's labors. In our Methodist communion the bishop who presides over the annual meeting called the 'Conference' wields the appointing power. His word, in this matter, has been wisely made supreme; and though, with us degenerating Methodists of the East, the body of presiding elders prompts the wisdom of their superior, while the larger and wealthier congregations go one step farther and ask privately beforehand for the man of their choice, in the generous West they stick to the primitive mode, trusting to the experience of the bishop that he shall so fit the men to the churches that neither may be wronged.

Nor, let it be said here to the honor of those venerable men, who have now for more than half a century exercised this somewhat arbitrary power, has there often been found just cause of complaint.

The list of appointments is prepared during the session of Conference, and is kept strictly secret; so that no one knew, nor could form even a probable guess at his fate. The murmur of voices was therefore hushed, and all listened as with one ear when the bishop rose to solve their riddles for them.

One by one the willing servants bowed their accepting heads, with a sigh of relief or sorrow, and lost their general curiosity in their particular interest. Presently was read out:

"SHOTTOVER STATION: PAUL CLIFTON."

Whereat a few of the elder brethren looked over toward the young man so named, scrutinizing him with critical eyes, as though measuring his fitness for this 'Shottover Station;' while others, the younger preachers, looked up with eyes in which pity for him was mingled with ill-concealed joy at their own escape.

For they were hard cases at Shottover Station. The church was small and weak; the 'outsiders' a turbulent set, irreverent to the last degree, exceedingly sharp at discovering the preacher's weak points, and very ready to take advantage of them. A very stronghold of Satan was Shottover, where the poor minister need hope for but small pay and less respect, and might think himself lucky if he got off with whole bones. Once or twice, indeed, in years past, they had driven the newly-appointed man away by force of their brawny arms and leathery lungs; and once, taking an exceeding dislike to a young fellow just from college, and serving here his first year (and who, as they complained, 'knew everything'), they had combined together and literally starved him out.

Therefore Shottover was a place to be avoided by all means; a plague-spot which had driven several tender-hearted men into other Conferences; and to which now for some years the youngest member was, by general agreement of the bishop with his subordinates, sent to make trial of his budding powers—just as boys who have run away from home to sea are on their first voyage placed in charge of the sky-sails and royal studding-sails, to loose and furl them. Whereby at least those whose romance lies but skin-deep, and who were indeed called, but not chosen, grow to hate the glorious sea-life in the precise proportion as they scrape the skin off their tender shins, and are glad, at the first port, to run away home again.

Which I take to be a fine example of Mr. Darwin's recently advanced theory of 'Natural Selection.'

Paul Clifton, who sat in pleased unconsciousness a little on one side of the room (like a young bear, all his sorrows before him), was a recent acquisition to the Conference. He had graduated with honor two years before at a Theological Institute in the East; had preached experimentally, and very acceptably, on various occasions, and to different city and country congregations; had 'taken a run over to Europe,' and was now counted a promising young man, whom any Conference would be glad to receive; when lo! to the surprise and disappointment of his friends, he set his face Westward, and eschewing the flesh-pots of New York, resolutely wandered into the desert of Indiana. Another John Baptist, said Miss Thomasina Dobbs, a romantic young lady, who was shrewdly suspected of designs upon the reverend Paul's heart—though very unlike John Baptist indeed, thought the rough Hoosier preachers, when they saw him pull off his neatly-fitting kid gloves on coming into Conference room, and spread an immaculate pocket-handkerchief on the dirty floor whereon to kneel at prayers.

The fact is, young Clifton had been bred in ease, and had the outside of a gentleman, which is a disadvantage sometimes; particularly if the inside does not correspond. He had a young man's natural longing to go out into the world, and see a little of the rough side of it—to try his own wings, which he had now for some years been impatiently fluttering on the edge of the paternal nest. Add to this the honest enthusiasm of a young fellow who believes himself called to show the heavenly road (not as a finger-post, as Jean Paul suggests, which only points the way, but does not move itself). And this tempered, perhaps, by the modest thought that it would be easier for him, a young and inexperienced man, to lead rough Hoosiers up this steep and narrow path than the more refined intellectual congregations of the East—a little mistake I have known wiser men than the Rev. Paul to make—as though the wildest horses did not need the best drivers. Put these together, and you have, I suppose, nearly the mixture of motives which brought him to avoid the soft ease of a 'first-class city appointment,' and join himself to this unknown future of the backwoods.

The bishop regarded him with mild pity as he read him his fate. A set custom could not be violated on his account; nor, indeed, did the venerable man believe that this trial had best be spared the young preacher. When the last hymn was sung, and the prayer and benediction had dismissed the members to their homes, he walked over to where Clifton sat, and shaking his hand encouragingly, said:

"Keep up your spirits, Brother Paul! the sword of the Lord is on your side—'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

"Yes, yes," remarked an old fellow who overheard these words: "I wish there was a little more Gideon though," while a hard-featured circuit-rider growled to himself: "'Taint right, hardly. I've a mind to change places with him; he looks like a good young fellow."

"You leave him alone," interrupted old Father Sawyer; "probably the bishop knows what he's about. Let the young man take his chance. The Lord will provide."

"I don't believe the Lord knows anything about Shottover," retorted the circuit-rider, who had enough of Gideon about him, at any rate; and who probably would have rather enjoyed a tussle with that devil of mischief, who was said to be so strongly intrenched in Paul Clifton's new station.

In which regard he differed much from Paul, who was not what you would call a muscular Christian, forcing people heavenward by the fear of the Lord and a big fist; but eminently a mild-mannered man, slender, and more given to his Greek Testament than to his dumb-bells. Old Peter Cartwright would have counted him but small potatoes. But then, even Peter is mortal. In fact, I find nothing so very mortal as muscle.

That he might properly prepare himself for personal contest with the sons of Belial who made Shottover a by-word and a reproach in the mouths of the brethren, these took care fully to inform Brother Paul of the various disagreeables and trials he might expect in his new station. (Just in this way my grandmother used to describe to me beforehand, and with great minuteness and conscientiousness, the nauseous horrors of that inimitable flavor of disgust, an impending dose of castor-oil. From which resulted to me, in the end, a strong dislike, not so much of castor-oil, as of grandmothers—and particularly those of the male sex.) Thus advised, and in no very sanguine temper, Paul rode into Shottover on the top of the stage, on a Saturday morning; and after refreshing his inner and outer man at the hotel, proceeded to view his church.

Now, to an earnest and unsophisticated Christian like the Reverend Paul Clifton, used all his life to the comfortably cushioned pews, carpeted aisles, sofa'd pulpits, and scrupulous cleanliness of our city churches, the little meetinghouse of Shottover was like to be a shock.

A shock, certainly, to his sense of comfort and decency; perhaps (who knows?) to his faith in the Christian doctrine.

It is unpleasantly situated in the extreme edge of a bare and sterile clay-bank—down which, I verily believe, it will tumble some rainy day. Its low roof; its mud-bespattered walls, once painted a dirty white; its narrow door-way, making no allowance for sinners in crinoline; its ragged wagon-shed, like Jack Straw's house, neither wind-tight nor water-tight, and through whose board-sides several generations of idle horses had gnawed sundry holes, which gave their successors occasional privileged squints into a cool meadow beyond—thus pointing a Sunday lesson even to obstinate horse-flesh, by this pleasant vision of heavenly grass-fields; and this flanked by an appalling architectural novelty—a bell-tower, or embryo steeple, standing on its own base, and giving the impression to an unfamiliar eye that it had been lifted down from its proper place on the roof by some light-handed giant—all this does not promise well to a man who holds his faith by the ties of mere use and comfort.

Within, the narrow aisles are covered with a fine coating of rich Indiana mud. The hard, straight-backed, uncushioned pews afford no rest to the wicked; nor indeed to the pious either, unless, as is sometimes the case, piety and adipose tissue are found in the same body. The preaching-stand has, at least, the merit of consistency, being neither cleaner nor more ornamental than the rest of the church. Rain-stained windows, bare, white-washed, and partly 'peeled' walls, white where no stains of tobacco betoken the resting place of some saint who chews the cud of Virginia content beneath the shadow of the preacher's long arms; and a huge stove, whose pipes stretch like vast arms along the ceiling on both sides, as though preparing to shed a fervid blessing on the assemblage; truly here was found cause sufficient for a series of shocks to Christians of weak faith or sensitive nerves.

II.

Nevertheless, though cleanliness is next to godliness, a dirty shirt is not evidence of the unpardonable sin; and, thank God! I have known men whose hard hands and soiled clothes hid a soul so clean that, if you were not wretchedly near-sighted, and could see at all through a coating of clean dirt, you at once took such to your heart.

Such an one was Farmer Leighton. A tall, raw-boned, hard-featured man, with the awkward straddling gait, uncertain poise of body, and splay feet, which are the rewards of an inscrutible Providence for a life of severe toil—perhaps to teach us to look beneath the surface for the truest worth; perhaps also to tell us that man does not live by bread alone, and that Mary did indeed choose a better part than serviceable Martha.

Farmer Leighton was now a well-to-do personage in his little world. A man of some forty-five Summers, in most of which corn-planting, hay-making, reaping, and housing crops—the multifarious, never-ceasing toils of the farm—had left their marks not lightly upon him; with scant, grizzled side-whiskers, and a chin wretchedly shaven by a dull razor and an unsteady, wearied hand; hair of that tawny sandy hue which betokens several generations of rough struggle with forest-life, hanging down in straight and tangled locks about his ears and coat-collar; and a Sunday suit of blue Kentucky-jeans, home-made, and ingeniously contrived to show every angle and rough knot and ungraceful line in the poor, ill-used body beneath. This was the man whose harsh, cracked voice, with a querulous quaver in it at first, and a strange after-tone of protecting and longing love, called out,

"Now, then, old lady!"

At which a bright bay mare, harnessed to a mud-splashed buggy, standing near the hitching-post at the gate, pricked up her ears and wondered what she had done now.

As though there were no other old lady in the world!

"In a minute," a voice from within-doors, having in it also a certain uncertain tremble—a quaver, however, which stood for the fearfulness of a long and much-loving heart, whose meek habit was to fit its motions to the convenience of others; a voice soft and agreeable, even though it was cracked, and hinting of many cares and much housewifely forecast. And presently appeared in the covered way of the comfortable double cabin a portly dame to whom this voice belonged.

Her followed a young girl, blue-eyed and fair-haired, as they are in Indiana, and of such buxom and shapely form, combining both strength and grace, as is the natural result of 'hog and hominy,' plenty of fresh air, and a total lack of servants and other incentives to a lazy life. Her name is Miranda Leighton—for which I am sorry, for I cannot but believe that she should have been called by some such honest and plain name as Susan, Jane, or Eliza. But the Hoosier farmers, having little other grandeur to bestow upon their children, are pretty sure to give them grand and outlandish names. And I have a respect for facts, which are stubborn things, but useful in their way.

Miranda unfastened her pony from a rack beneath the wagon-shed, where he had stood under shelter—lucky beast!—and leading him up to the horse-block, leaped lightly into the saddle. As she settled herself there, helped by her father's kindly hands, a horseman rode into the open by a turn of the road.

"There's John now," said Mrs. Leighton. "John, come, go to church with us."

"I'm goin'," said he. "Ther's a new minister, aint thar?"

"Yes; and no tricks now, John," urged his mother, beseechingly.

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

'For The New York Saturday Press.'

THE TRYST.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

On speary grass and starry bloom
  The tiny globes of dew are lying:
The broad moon rises through the gloom
  Of twilight haze; and night-winds, sighing
In long-drawn whispers, say to me
'Tis eventide—She comes to thee!

II

A heavy fragrance floods the air
  Where crimson roses climb and cluster;
Heaven seems more near, and Earth more fair—
  The broad moon shines with holier lustre—
A white robe through the dusk I see—
O, Joy! O, Love! She comes to me!

Palinode.

I.

Athwart the West, where dies the day,
  A stormy rack of cloud is drifting,
And round the uplands bleak and gray
  The wind its mournful voice is lifting:
With weary moan it says to me,
'Tis night, but she comes not to thee!'

II.

Sharp thorns now grimly deck the bough
  Where clustered once the crimson roses;
With roses once she wreathed this brow
  Where now a thorny crown reposes;
A bitter past alone I see—
Ah Heaven! She comes no more to me!

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending December 8, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

An Essay on the Harmonious Relations between Divine Faith and Natural Reason. To which are added two Chapters on the Divine Office of the Church. By A. C. Baine, Esq. With the Approbation of the Most Reverend, the Archbishop of Baltimore. 12mo. pp. 406. 75 cents. John Murphy & Co.

Sawyer's Translation of the Old Testament. Volume I., containing the Hebrew Prophets. 12mo. Uniform with Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes and Illustrations. By J. Wingate Thornton, A.M. 12mo. $1 25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Prerequisites to Communion. The Scriptural Terms of Admission to the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. Albert N. Arnold, D.D. 16mo. cloth. 38 cents. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

POETRY.

Kormak: an Icelandic Romance of the Tenth Century. In Six Cantos. Printed from antique type on tinted paper, and appropriately bound. 16mo. 75 cents. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

FICTION.

The Oak Openings; or, the Bee Hunter. New Edition. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 497. $1. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Glenelvan; or, The Morning Draweth Nigh. By Annie Maria Minster. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. pp. 384. $1. New York: A. B. Burdick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature. By Mary Forrest. Quarto. $9. New York: Derby & Jackson.

A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor: Being an Autobiographical Letter. By Dr. Marie Zakrzewska. Edited by Mrs. C. H. Dall. 16mo. 63 cents. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The Romance of Natural History. By Philip Henry Gosse. With numerous elegant Illustrations. 12mo. cloth. $1 25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos; with a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By Joguth Chunder Gangooly. 5s. London: E. T. Whitfield.

Profitable Meditations, Fitted to Man's Different Condition: in a Conference between Christ and a Sinner. By John Bunyan, Servant to the Lord Jesus Christ. Small 4to. 7s 6d. London: J. C. Holton.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life and Times of Aonio Paleario; or, a History of the Italian Reformers in the Sixteenth Century. Illustrated by Original Letters and Unedited Documents by M. Young. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1200. cloth. 32s. London: Bell & Daldy.

HISTORICAL.

A History of the Church from the Edict of Milan, A. D. 313, to the Council of Chalcedon. Post 8vo. pp. 440. cloth. 10s. 6d. London: J. H. Parker.

ART.

Practical Hints on Portrait Painting; reedited by H. Murray. 4to. cloth. 12s. London: Virtue & Co.

FICTION.

Gertrude Melton; or, Nature's Nobleman. Post 8vo. pp. 210. cloth. 7s. 6d. London: Saunders & Otley.

A Strong Will and a Fair Tide. By Miss Sterne. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. London: Newby.

TRAVELS.

Beyond the Orange River; or, Life in Southern Africa. By the author of The Last Earl of Desmond. 1 vol. 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

MEDICAL.

Wright on Deafness. 1 vol. 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nephalism the True Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience. By James Miller, F.R.S.E., F.R.C.S.E., Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland, Surgeon in Ordinary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert for Scotland, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, etc., etc. 3s. London: Houlston & Wright.

An English Yeoman; Drawn from Life in the Nineteenth Century. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. With a Steel Frontispiece and Vignette Title, by Lumb Stocks, A.R.A. 5s. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

Useful Information for Engineers: containing Experimental Researches on the Collapse of Boiler Flues and the Strength of Materials, and Lectures on Popular Education, etc. Second Series. Post 8vo. pp. 320. cloth. 10s. 6d. London: Longman.

The Hebrew Language, its History and Characteristics: including improved renderings of Select Passages in our Authorized Translation of the Old Testament. Post 8vo. pp. 190. cloth. 3s. 6d. London: Bagster.

The Lebanon: a History and a Diary. By D. Urquhart, author of The Pillars of Hercules, etc. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 28s. London: Newby.

The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women. By J. M'Gregor Allan, author of Grins and Wrinkles, etc. 2s. 6d. London: Newby.

Curious Things of the Outside World. By H. Jennings, author of The Indian Religions. 2 vols. 21s. London: Newby.

A Collection of Problems and Examples, adapted to the Elementary Course. Second Edition. 8vo. 6s. London: Newby.

Revelations of a Horse Dealer. 1 vol. 2s. London: Newby.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FICTION.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the author of School Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc., etc., etc. Part First. 12mo. muslin. 37½ cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TRAVELS.

Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis; and the Manjours, Manyargs, Toungous, Touzemtz, Goldi, and Gelyaks; The Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By Thomas Witlam Atkinson, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., author of Oriental and Western Siberia. With a Map and Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. muslin. $2 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Whims and Oddities. With One hundred and Twelve Illustrations, and National Tales. By Thomas Hood. 12mo. pp. 257. $1 25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson: Being the History of What they Saw and Did in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. By Richard Doyle. 1 vol. 4to. fancy cloth. gilt edges. $3 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Queens and Princesses of France. By George White, M.C.P., late Tutor of St. Edmund's College, and Principal of Bellevue Academy, Kentish Town. Square 18mo. pp. 279. 50 cents. John Murphy & Co.

Our Year: a Child's Book in Prose and Verse. By Miss Mulock, author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Illustrated by Clarence Dobell. 16mo. muslin. gilt edges. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

Photographs of Italy. By Mrs. E. C. Kennie. 12mo.

The League of Friendship. By Madame La Vert. 2 vols.

The Life of John C. Calhoun. By Bernard A. Reynolds. Uniform with Randall's Jefferson.

The Dutch Dominie of the Catskills. By Rev. David Murdock.

Poets and Poetry of the South. By John Esten Cooke and John R. Thomson.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, December 8, 1860.

Flower Pictures. By Elise Polko. Translated from the German. By S. W. Lander. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 98. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Loves and Heroines of the Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Small 4to. pp. 479. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature. Illustrated with Portraits on Steel. By Mary Forrest. Small 4to. pp. 511. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

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DANAE.

Of all the choice pictures known to the world of art as evidences of surpassing taste and skill in the masters of the olden time, none, perhaps, can surpass the subject of this notice, 'DANAE,' painted by Rudolf Ulrick Wertmuller, who honored America by making it the home of his adoption, and closing his life on its soil. When 'DANAE' was originally produced at Paris, the admirers of the fine arts in that metropolis were electrified into an enthusiasm surpassing anything ever occasioned by a similar event, and the painting was at once pronounced to be fully equal to any production of the older masters, and the author was elevated to a commanding position in the temple of fame. That this was not the mere result of an evanescent burst of enthusiasm, is proved by the opinion being sustained by the best artists of the present day. None are even now found bold enough to carp at the faultless symmetry of the form, the graceful posture, the life-like coloring, or the matchless beauty of the countenance. Bathed in an atmosphere of the purest light, the modest innocence, the engaging sweetness of expression, combined with the exquisite grace and endearing tenderness of the composition, render it so delicate and truly chaste to the refined mind, as spontaneously to force the declaration that it is a painting of surpassing beauty, possessing the most unrivalled interest, and will ever stand a glorious monument of the author's fame. So transcendent is the beauty of the form, and so true to life, that, at a first glance, the spectator finds it difficult to realize that the subject is not a veritable vision of animated nature, instead of the glorious triumph of a gigantic mind over the beautiful in art.

Wertmuller was engaged on this picture two years. The great object in view appears to have been to have painted at Paris a picture that would rival the productions of Titian, and other great masters. Wertmuller, the court painter, was selected as fully competent. A fable in heathen mythology was chosen as better calculated than any other to draw out the splendid genius of the master, and illustrate the wonderful beauty of nature's fairest handiwork, the human form. The ablest art-critics and anatomists of Paris were, during the progress of the work, his constant visitors and advisers. Three of the most beautiful ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. sat to him. The head is said to be quite an exact copy of a Flemish Countess, distinguished for remarkable personal loveliness, and great mental acquirements. In all probability, no painting has ever attracted the attention of art-critics and anatomists more than this picture; and they have universally admitted, without exception, that they have not been able to detect a fault in its composition. In fine, the work has passed through a triumphant career in both continents, winning the universal admiration of connoisseurs, and even by its unexampled merit forcing the owners of rival paintings to concede its superiority. Since the death of the artist, it has been the property of an opulent gentleman, who viewed it as an almost priceless gem, and closed it to public view. It is now, for the first time since 1810, on exhibition in this country. The painting has not been impaired by age; on the contrary, the coloring is considered brighter and clearer than at the period when the artist considered his great work finished.

The following biographical sketch of this great master, quoted by Dunlap, in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," from the *Analectic Magazine* of 1815, will not be devoid of interest:

"Adolph Ulric Wertmuller was, by birth, a Swede, the son of a respectable apothecary of the city of Stockholm. Having acquired the rudiments of the art of painting at home, he removed to Paris, for the purpose of further improvement, where he studied and pursued his profession for several years. He appears to have acquired a great reputation on the continent of Europe. He was elected a member of the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting at Paris and Stockholm; and in addition to these unsubstantial honors, he received a more solid reward in such a share of public patronage as enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. This he had placed in the French funds and in the hands of a Paris banker; but, in that general convulsion of all financial and commercial concerns which took place in the early part of the revolution, he lost the greater part of his fortune. He then determined to escape from the storm which threatened such a general destruction, and try his fortunes in another hemisphere. In May, 1794, he landed at Philadelphia. In this country his paintings were admired; he received many attentions, and President Washington sat to him. But the arts were then strangers among us, and we were not rich enough for patronage. He remained here until the Autumn of 1796, when he reëmbarked for Europe, and returned to Stockholm, where he resided for several years. Misfortune still pursued him: he lost a large sum by the failure of a great house in Stockholm; and, in disgust, he again returned to America, and arrived at Philadelphia in 1800. Here he exhibited his large and beautiful picture of DANAE, from which he derived a handsome income. About a year after his arrival, he married a lady of Swedish descent, who brought him a considerable property. After a few years' residence in the city of Philadelphia, he purchased a farm at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, and removed thither, where he lived in ease and comfort until his death, in 1812.

"Wertmuller had studied his art with great assiduity and ardor. He copied with accuracy the models before him, and imitated with success the masters on whom he had formed his taste. His DANAE is his greatest and most splendid production."

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NEW YORK, November 19, 1860.

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Gouraud's Library of Romance.—No. XI.

THE SKIPPER'S YARN.—*Continued.*

"The undisguised grief of the dark-skinned donna did not, I am ashamed to say, meet with a ready response from me; for the truth was, *I* saw a ray of sunshine where *she* only observed a black and ominous cloud. For the convenience of shaving easy, I always supplied myself with a goodly stock of GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, previous to leaving port: and as I knew this Soap to be potent in the removal of Tan, Freckles, Chaps, Chafes, etc., I did not despair of eventually converting my brunette into a blonde! I kept my secret, however, and on presenting her with half-a-dozen cakes, merely recommended it as an exquisite toilet-soap. The grateful creature thanked me, and promised to use it on all occasions. In two hours we landed in Lisbon, and I immediately *chaperoned* the donna to her father's mansion, which was delightfully situated on the bank of the Tagus, at the extremity of the Strada Nuova. The rich old hidalgo was taking his coffee as we entered; and had his visitor been the Lady of Mercy herself, his countenance could not have exhibited more astonishment and delight than when Isabella flung herself into his arms. A few hurried words sufficed to explain to him the destruction of his fine ship, and the gallantry I had exhibited in rescuing his only child from a horrible death. The old man essayed to thank me, but his utterance was choked, and it was long ere his pent-up feelings found vent in a copious gush of tears. From that moment I was installed in the family of Don Emanuel; and when my brig's time of sailing drew near, I found it impossible to resist the united entreaties of father and daughter that I should remain; and being moreover anxious to watch the effect of *Gouraud's Soap*, I permitted the *Dart* to sail without me. As I before said, it was on that voyage she was lost on the Bermudas, with every soul on board; but whether there was any connection between her fate and the supernatural lights we had observed on her yard-arms during the memorable Biscayan storm, I leave for wiser heads to determine."—[To be continued.]

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have been promised, at an early date, an original story from the pen of

MISS HARRIET E. PRESCOTT,

the first part of which will probably appear in our New Year's number.

We have made several other important arrangements for our forthcoming volume (in case we enter upon it, as now seems almost certain), and trust that this fact will encourage our friends to make new exertions toward placing the paper on a permanent footing.

NOTICE.

If the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS *in this city would all* SUBSCRIBE *to it at once (instead of buying it from week to week), they would enable us to enter upon the New Year with a certainty of success. It is not pleasant to us to have to make these continual appeals; but our friends ought to know exactly how we are situated, since it remains with them to decide whether or not the paper shall be continued.*

'FAITHFUL FOR EVER.'

The passion of Love, as it variously agitates what good people call 'this vale of tears,' is a very fortunate thing for Mr. Coventry Patmore. What he would have done without it, the imaginative mind can but vainly conjecture. To find in one little word a perennial inspiration and a theme, is the peculiar felicity of the favored bard. Herein Mr. Patmore is richly blessed. To him the passion of Love seems to bear much the same relation that ''orses and dorgs' did to the sporting gentleman described by Mr. Dickens—being at once 'wittles and drink, lodging, wife and children, reading, writing and 'rithmetic, snuff, tobacker, and sleep.' He knows how to build the stately rhyme, and he builds it somewhat incessantly. He is the oracle of Love, the high-priest of Home,—dear, therefore, to fame and to females, and in all respects a precious person. In view of this fact, we desire to speak with all suitable respect of his last and loveliest utterance, which is denominated 'Faithful for Ever.' In the line of country to which he is thus partial, Mr. Patmore's first venture was 'The Angel in the House.' That he had piped a prelude is probable; but in this, as in other cases, the angel was recognized only when she flew. Most readers are acquainted with that copious and much-honeyed song. It relates the courtship and marriage of two young persons of good rank in English society, displaying the course of true love smooth in the sunshine. It does not exhibit original poetic genius, nor peculiar vigor and scope of intellect. It is defective also in minor details,—monotonous in versification, irregular in rhythm and in rhyme, milky here and there, as the sweet ripple of sentiment is apt to be, and considerably marred with obscure twaddle. But its purpose should cover a multitude of sins. It is the successful celebration of love that finds 'an earthly close,'—the worthy fulfilment of a worthy design. We may admit, also, that it is full of sweetness, grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy; that it has a charming quaintness alike of thought and style; and that it is rich in the poetry of sentiment and description. Assuredly, therefore, we should not be wanting in respect for Mr. Patmore's works and for Mr. Patmore's self. He is not a great poet, indeed, nor much of a poet anyway; but he is undoubtedly a good fellow, and his Angel is a very pleasant companion. So vive l'amour—and vive le Patmore, too!

'Faithful for Ever' is a sequel to 'The Angel in the House,' and in all essential qualities is inferior to its predecessor. It presents the reverse of the picture, celebrating the love that never finds 'an earthly close,' but burns fruitlessly on through all the after experiences of a comparatively desolate life. The hero of the poem—if such a gentlemanly milksop can be called a hero,—is Mr. Frederick Graham. Those who have read 'The Angel in the House' will remember him as a young naval officer who was discarded and set out in the cold by Miss Honoria Churchill, prior to that lady's marriage with Mr. Felix Vaughan. How he endured that little disappointment we are permitted to see in the pages of 'Faithful for Ever.' It is a melancholy spectacle; but, as remarked by Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*, 'such is life.' We cannot but acknowledge the wisdom of Miss Churchill's decision. It was rough on the mariner, perhaps; but the young lady might very well thank her stars that she didn't marry into the family of Graham. It may be observed that she appears in the sequel and is not the victim of remorse. The story, which is very simple, is told in a series of letters, most of which are written by Mr. Graham to his mother and by Mrs. Graham to her son. Both these persons have facile quills and communicative dispositions; and so the young man gushes and the old lady consoles, and sorrow, wisdom, sentiment, advice, metaphysical speculation, domestic economy, and the solid truths of experience, are curiously mingled with tears, old clothes, good society, and the thousand little nothings of every-day life. At length this nautical Werter stows away his secret sorrow and marries a commonplace young woman of the name of Jane, who forthwith turns up in the epistolary line of business, and babbles, after what flourish her nature has, to the sapient Mrs. Graham. Other letters also are introduced, whereby we ascertain what Mrs. Grundy thought of the marriage; and thus the picture is completed. Of course the lover—though, in the matrimonial bonds, more philosophical and resigned—loves on to the bitter end, and is Faithful for Ever.

Such, in general terms, is the tale of the sorrows of Graham, as evolved from the great Patmorian mind. The style of narrative is, of course, identical with that of 'The Angel in the House,' having the same beauties of grace and quaintness, and the same characteristic defects. But neither the story nor the style can commend this poem to our favor. The former is not interesting, and the latter is no longer novel. To acknowledge genius in such a performance would be simply absurd. It can with justice be estimated only as a work of art; and even then we can award it but a qualified recognition. Its best merit is its absolute truthfulness and minute accuracy of execution; and this, though certainly admirable, is scarcely more than a mechanical virtue. That Mr. Patmore has entirely fulfilled his artistic design, may be admitted as a truth and commended as an excellence. But the design itself is trivial; and no profound defect can ever be remedied by a superficial merit. The most important thing in a poem is the mood of conception; and the mood in this one is essentially common-place. It is the mood of the essayist rather than the poet. The emotions and the moods of a disappointed lover may well enough be dissected without the impulse of poetic inspiration. Of this truth Mr. Patmore has furnished a brilliant though superfluous evidence. He has done very well what was not worth doing at all. Nobody wants to be bored with the diagnosis of a broken heart; and, though lovers are very interesting creatures to themselves and each other, they do not fascinate in general society. But Mr. Patmore, like Ephraim, is joined to his idols, and we are therefore content to let him alone.

> 'Nec dulces Amores
> Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
> Donec virenti canities abest
> Morosa.'

— Another volume, the seventh, of the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, edited by his son, is promised by Mr. Murray.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

The President and Faculty of Harvard College, by persisting in their foolish intention of making the undergraduate department a species of nursery, in which they themselves should play the dignified part of testy and incompetent nurses, have, as we predicted, excited the students to further insubordination.

Of course the statements made in the newspapers of Boston concerning the recent difficulty, present only the Faculty's side of the question, and are consequently as unreliable as all similar statements emanating from the same source have been shown to be.

The facts of the case are as follows:

The Sophomore class were upon the point of resolving unanimously to give up the custom of hazing.

This they were about to do of their own free will, and if they had been left alone the custom would have died out.

But the Faculty, with the intrusive love of command which always distinguished small minded persons in authority, issued an edict forbidding the Sophomores, under the severest penalties, from engaging in any such practices.

At this mean attempt to filch the poor laurels of the reform, the Sophomores, feeling that the credit, if there was any, belonged to themselves, were naturally indignant, while against the threats with which it was accompanied they of course rebelled.

There would be but little hope for the manliness of youths who did not rebel at being so treated.

This was the real beginning of the present trouble.

It is easy enough to see how a set of young men, irritated by the threats of those who attempted to enforce their rule by their authority, rather than by deserving the obedience which is always paid by gentlemen to those whom they respect, should have finally been goaded on to public expressions of contempt for the Faculty, and very nearly to open rebellion.

As the matter now stands the Faculty has gained nothing by the intrusive exercise of their little authority, except an increase of the contempt in which they were previously held by the students, while the students themselves have been excited to a closer union, and the sympathy which should exist between the two classes of instructors and pupils has given place to a determination to coerce on the one hand, and a resolve to resist on the other, with the mutual ill-feeling which must always result from such a condition of things.

While the matter is of importance to those who feel an interest in the subject of education in this country, and who are consequently mortified at finding the management of the oldest college in the land fallen into the hands of persons who are so incompetent for the positions they hold, it is also suggestive as an occasion for considering the subject of college discipline.

It is a truth which perhaps is not sufficiently recognized, that when the young men of a college do not instinctively and freely give a respectful attention and obedience to those who assume to rule and to instruct them, this one fact is a sufficient proof that those who pretend to hold the position of rulers and instructors are totally unfit for their situations.

Nor will those who should not hold places of such trust and influence ever be driven from them, until such changes are made in the management of our colleges, that, as in the Universities on the Continent of Europe, the students themselves are enabled to express their opinions of their instructors' competency, by attending or absenting themselves at will from their recitations and lectures.

It is a fact that our young men, with very rare exceptions, do not go to College with any other design than that of obtaining an education, while it is equally true that their insubordination arises from their disgust at the incompetency of those who pretend to instruct them, and their contempt for the foolish system which makes college rank depend more upon the adventitious matters of early rising and sycophancy to the tutors and professors, than upon any real advance in learning and scholarship.

To be sure if such a reform system were immediately introduced, the large majority of those who now disport themselves as professors of various arts and sciences, would find but a beggarly array of empty benches gathered to attend them, and would be forced to betake themselves to some other business.

And yet such a change would be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The public would be greatly the gainers by it.

They would enjoy the advantages gained by the loss of many an ignorant and incompetent teacher, and would secure the services of many an artisan who now dabbles in the art of imparting information which he does not possess, and of guiding to those paths of learning where himself has never strayed.

Of course against any such reform the loudest declaimers would be those whose occupation would be destroyed by the innovation.

That is to be expected. But even at such an expense of noisy declamation, it would be well to secure the chance of making our universities something else than schools of mutual admiration for the professors, and sinecures for pretentious ignorance, where a very little Latin and less Greek are taught, into universities for the education of young men; into universities which should fitly represent the active energy, the movement, and the progress of this age and this country.

That they are not such at present is evident to any one who has ever enjoyed their so-called advantages. That they should become such must be the wish of all those who feel the necessity of educating a free people, and in the movement to make them such, it requires only the influence of a strong public opinion to succeed.

HELL.

As an evidence of the advance of civilization, and of the intelligence peculiar to celestial minds, we are happy to announce that the Rev. Dr. Sawyer,—who is a liberal Solemn,—has entered upon a splendid squabble with the Rev. Dr. Thompson,—who is a bird of a different feather,—on the fascinating subject of 'Eternal Punishment of the Wicked.'

It appears that the Rev. Dr. Thompson has written a book, called 'Love and Penalty,' in which he undertakes to prove that 'the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked is in entire harmony with the paternal character of God.' It has not been our good fortune to peruse this treatise; but we have no doubt it exhibits the amiable Thompson in a very pleasing light, and is, in all respects, cheerful. Of its power also, there can be little doubt, since it has stirred up the Rev. Dr. Sawyer to a vehement outpouring of the vials of protest. This operation was reported the other day, in one of the daily papers; and, on reading it, though we cannot but regard the Solemn Thompson as a fine embodiment of Christian love and charity, we are constrained to admit that the Solemn Sawyer has got rather the best of the argument. But that is an inconsequential matter of opinion.

It does not seem, however, as if the difference between the Solemns were such as will induce to deadly contention, or result in serious disaster to either party. That there is punishment for the wicked, is the opinion of both Thompson and Sawyer; but while the former nourishes himself in the belief that it is 'endless,' the latter is comforted in the belief that it is temporary. Thus there is a discrepancy and a casus belli. But, as nobody will venture to decide when doctors like Thompson and Sawyer disagree, we infer that both those interesting Solemns will possess their souls and their salaries in patience, without coming to violent measures on the subject of Hell.

Meantime the discussion is at once instructive, entertaining, and significant. To many of us, perhaps, it will be,—like the epitaph hung in her parlor to the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield,—a serious reminder of the latter end. It will also charm us with elegant extracts—with the exhilarating verses of Dr. Watts, and the poetic prose of Jonathan Edwards. From the former, it will enable us to ascertain that

> 'Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
> The land of horror and despair,
> Justice has built a dismal hell,
> And laid her stores of vengeance there;—
> Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
> Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
> And darts to inflict immortal pains,
> Dipt in the blood of damned souls:'

while from the latter it will permit us,—as in the following passage,—to infer the necessity of just such an asylum:

> 'The hearts of natural men are exceedingly full of sin. . . . . They have not only one sin, but all manner of sin. There is every kind of lust. The heart is a mere sink of sin, a fountain of corruption whence issue all manner of filthy streams. . . . . There is no one lust in the heart of the devil that is not in the heart of man. Natural men are in the image of the devil. The image of God is rased out, and the image of the devil is stamped upon them.'

Having read which, we may reflect that the gay Dr. Watts was a gentleman of the poetic temperament; that the good-hearted Dr. Edwards was the grandfather of Mr. Aaron Burr; and that Doctors Thompyer and Sawson,—we beg their pardon, Doctors Thompson and Sawyer,—must be extremely interesting and agreeable shepherds. For further and most important profit of the discussion, we may consider it as an evidence of human progress under the influence of religious institutions, and as an exponent of the greatness of celestial minds. Thus we shall be filled with a reverential awe of things in general, and of the Solemns in particular. And when also we consider that the influence of these latter gentry is, for the most part, to destroy the distinction between this world as it is and that other one so comfortably described by Dr. Watts, we shall remember the sweet uses of adversity, and 'give 'em their 'eads.' We shall cry out 'bravo' to Thompson and to Sawyer; we shall desire Fizzlegig to respond, and Fizzlegag to answer; and having at length got ourselves into a Christian state of mind, we shall abandon the duties of this world and our present life, and join in the endeavor,—so manly and commendable,—to frighten weak people with the gorgeous bugbear of Hell.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

XVI.

Accustomed to the discipline common in European families, and throughout all the strata of society there, I was struck by the utter absence of all such discipline here, and by the want of consideration with which parents and elderly persons generally, were treated by Young America, even when scarcely out of its swaddling clothes.

Undoubtedly Americans are self-reliant almost as soon as they have crept from the cradle. This independence has something in its favor, and the more so a society based upon the principle 'help yourself.'

To this independence is principally due the wonderful emigration to the prairies, and the adventurous spirit which makes the Americans the pioneers of civilization, and the bearers of the elements of culture. From childhood even they do not look to the domestic hearth as the focus whence emanates the directing power. The home, strictly speaking, has no existence for the immense majority of Americans. How few of them cherish the memory of their birthplace. How few spend their old age in the same place where they creeped as children, or as young men started out in life. How few living and dying in the same spot, have all their children christened under the same roof. They build and abandon houses, as easily as the snail forms and forsakes its shell.

All this has its moral, and as it is the fashion to say, its providential causes, and therefore it is unavoidable and right, that such independence of home should grow up with the child.

Yet, understanding and appreciating such causes and results, an European will always be astonished at them, nay, even painfully impressed at seeing the early evidences of such free will in children.

In Cambridge I took a great interest in a boy about eight years old, whose parents I frequently visited. Passing one morning by the house, I asked his father about him. "He is not in, and I do not know what arrangements he made for the day," was his answer.

In another family, a girl about twelve years old, resolved one morning to pay a visit by herself to a friend in Nahant. Taking the early cars to Boston, she there found the boat for Nahant, paid her visit, and returned home, about dusk, to tea. "Why Mary where have you been all day?" asked her mother very composedly. "I went to Nahant to see Lizzy," was the equally cool answer of the independent daughter.

Such occurrences are not unusual in American domestic life.

By repeated and personal experience I was strengthened in the opinion that, the so-called, common people have more common sense and honor than those who consider themselves better bred and higher toned.

A Polish emigrant was engaged in peddling cigars among the students and others in Cambridge. He asked me to help him, as he said, in his business, and by degrees managed to get some forty dollars from me, nearly the last money I had. On one occasion he entered my room, during my absence, and abstracted a portfolio in which he had seen that I kept not money, but various letters. Some of these letters were those of introduction which I had brought from Europe to various persons in Washington, and had not yet delivered. Many of them had large seals with showy coats-of-arms, by which he was probably allured.

I have strong suspicions that it was a coup monté by other inquisitive Cambridgers, who were desirous of prying into what they believed were my secrets.

As I afterwards ascertained, the Polish peddler frequented a bar-room, and was in the habit of showing there after each visit to me, the money he had borrowed. One day he abused me there as an agent and spy for Nicholas; but, to his astonishment, produced an unexpected result.

Some of the habitués of the bar-room treated him roughly, and finally kicked him out, saying: "That a spy is never poor, and the Count is poor, and goes only to the library, while he, the peddler, was a thorough scoundrel to abuse a man who shared his purse with him."

I know that some of the people of Cambridge did not think so, but received the peddler's slanders, and peddled them again. There is a sort of free-masonry existing everywhere amongst mean and imbecile characters.

Several of the professors and respectable men were puzzled by my being a fugitive from Russia, and yet not speaking with that venom of the Russian nation and of Nicholas, which almost everybody, whether Pole, German, or any other European nationality, felt duty bound to express.

The spirit of the lectures I gave at that time upon Russia, and the tone of the conversation I held upon such topics, were the same as those expressed in my book, 'Russia as it is,' and as prevailed in my numerous articles in the *Tribune*, when I was connected with that paper.

In a contribution to the *Boston Museum* in 1850, I foretold the unavoidable and near emancipation of the peasantry. In 'Russia as it is,' years before the death of Nicholas, I said that he was the last despot, and had stretched the reins of despotism so tightly as to render despotism impossible after him, whatever might be the disposition, the intention, or the character of his successors. I maintained, years ago, that Russia is near the dawn of a new and liberal era, and of events which are now realized.

All this puzzled the knowing ones, and often the other dailies, all over the country, rapped me on the knuckles over the *Tribune*, while wondering at its credulity. They repeat now what that paper foretold years ago, in spite of the sneers of the unbelievers.

I was amused to find that some persons in Cambridge, as well as others in Boston and elsewhere, were undecided about me because I did not speak of Nicholas as of an ogre.

But why should I?

Nicholas had his individuality, and I had mine. The two could not agree. That was all. Mine could not be crushed, and as Nicholas had the worldly power, he of course could wrong me, and in common parlance break down my position, but not myself.

Here is a sample of Nicholas's mind, as a proof how dangerous it is to judge certain men, as it were, in the wholesale, and from single special data.

The work recently published by Herbert Spencer on education, advocates powerfully and irrefutably the superior value in general education of the natural and positive sciences over the classical studies.

Exactly twenty years ago, when in the Russian service, I submitted to Nicholas a similar project of reform in the public schools of the Empire.

Classically educated myself, I felt strongly the inconvenience resulting from a deficiency in knowledge which is so essential. The Minister of Public Instruction, Count Ouwaroff, and the council of the University were all opposed to my plan, while Nicholas alone approved it.

This was not the only occasion when I found Nicholas more accessible to a new idea or combination than his ministers and advisers, and such repeated experiences of his assent to my projects were among the many causes which ousted me from Russia.

Nicholas once ordered the Minister who was my immediate chief to send me to investigate a case of considerable peculation, adding these words: "I answer for Gurowski's honesty."

It was a flattering testimony from one who had almost given up faith in the honesty of those who surrounded him.

I was not to blame if the recollection of these words had influenced my appreciation of Nicholas, and yet they did not so influence me.

About ten weeks before his death, I received a kind letter from his first favorite, Count Adlerberg, written by the order of Nicholas, and in his name. I was here, independent of and beyond his reach, so that now it would seem that I got the better of him.

GUROWSKI.

WHO IS WERTMULLER?

MY DEAR PRESS:—While I agree entirely with you as to the merits of the Danae, I wish to ask, Who is Wertmuller? I have not been able to find even his name mentioned in any of the biographical dictionaries, or the dictionaries of painters.

So I naturally ask Who is Wertmuller?

The picture is a fact. Anybody can go and see it. It is a picture of which Titian himself would not need to be ashamed. The conception is pure, the drawing and coloring are masterly, and the face of the Danae is an artistic creation. It is, as you say, the finest picture ever exhibited in America. I agree to all that. I go and feast myself upon the beauties of the picture. The man who could catch the fleeting rapture and ecstacy of that face and fix it so perfectly upon his canvas, deserves a high place in the ranks of the world's artists. His name should be familiar to the dictionaries, and his memory should be dear to all lovers of art. Then how is it, and why is it, that I am again forced to ask Who is Wertmuller?

Is he a myth that Shearjashub Spooner does not enroll him with the painters? Is he a fiction that Bryant does not mention him? Is he a delusion that the Biographie Universelle passes him over without mention? How can we settle the question before the New American Cyclopedia gets down to the W's? Of course we shall then be told all about him, for these Cyclopedia fellows know everything worth knowing, and tell not only all that but a great deal more.

Shall I have to wait in ignorance until that distant period arrives, when in the natural course of the alphabet the world will be enlightened upon all subjects down to X, and Wertmuller will of course be embraced in the W's?

Please don't keep me waiting until then, but answer my question, Who is Wertmuller?

For imagine what my condition would be if I should wait these long years, and then the Cyclopedia should follow all the others and pass him over.

Perhaps before they get to W, the wise fellow who is now carrying the entire learning of that letter about in his head will die, and the question Who is Wertmuller? will remain unanswered.

Is it possible that a man who painted such a picture, only some eighty years ago, should have been already so forgotten? Or is Wertmuller the assumed name of some as yet unknown genius? None of these questions answer my query Who is Wertmuller? P. F.

Reply.

The fact that Wertmuller's name is not found in any of the dictionaries, is rather a proof, if any further proof were needed, of the incompleteness and inaccuracy of such works, than that there was no such person as Wertmuller. The newspapers of his day will convince P. F. that there did exist such an artist, and that his Danae, when first exhibited, excited great attention and admiration. On this point P. F. might consult the *Moniteur*, a file of which can be seen in the Astor Library, or the files of the American papers of the day, which may perhaps be found in the Mercantile Library. If our correspondent does not desire to undertake so much labor we advise him to believe that Wertmuller existed and painted the Danae upon general tradition. This would be a much better reason for his faith, than the assertion of the Cyclopedia would be, even should that work so stray into correctness as to mention Wertmuller.

— *La Rèvue Contemporaine*, for October, contains a poem by a gentleman named J. M. Jouffroy, entitled La Mort de Channing, from the epilogue of which we take the following sample lines:

A peine dans Boston, Channing est rapporté,
D'un seul cri de douleur retentit la cité.
Le plaisir, le travail, tout s'arrete. Le temple
S'ouvre au peuple. Il y court et, l'œil morne, contemple
Le pasteur dans la mort doucement endormi
Comme l'apotre aimé sur son divin ami.
On attend un adieu de sa lèvre fermée;
Mais pour jamais, helas! elle est inanimée.
Le cygne Américain, vers le Ciel remontant,
Aux échos du Vermont a dit son dernier chant.

OUT OF THE GRAVE.

The Autumn wind is wild in all the leaves,
  And the long grass is rustling on my grave;
Ah, would you have me think your heart still grieves
  For one you would not save?

For I am dead! Know you not I am dead?
  Why do you haunt me in my grave to-night?
Standing above and listening overhead,
  Where I am buried deep, and out of sight!

Have you not wine and music in your home,
  And the fair form and eyes so pure and proud
With love of you?—and wherefore do you come
  To vex me, lying silent in my shroud?

Seek your new love! she calls you, and the tears
  Are warm on her pale face, and her young breast
Is full of doubt and sorrow, and she hears
  Low whispered words that warn her from her rest.

In from the night! the storm begins to stir!
  I will be near, and ghostly eyes shall see
How you will kiss her lips and say to her,
  'Thine always, Love,'—as once you said to me!

WILLIAM WINTER.

— The curate of the parish church at Frome, England, having refused to bury the grave-digger, who had died from the effects of drink, the relatives of the deceased came to the churchyard attended by a large crowd. The grave was found to be only partially dug, and, having waited for this to be completed, the coffin was lowered, and, without a word of prayer or other service, the wife threw in a clod, and the party withdrew, amid the loud execrations of the crowd on the conduct of the clergyman.

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BOOTH AS RICHELIEU.

Whoever knows the professional critics, if but slightly, knows that they love nature.

Other divinities may occupy for a brief period the shrine of their able and experienced adoration, but nature is their 'permanency.' The wine-cup and woman's smile do not tempt with their sparkling elixir always in vain, but for a long pull they go to the perennial fount. Albeit not rigidly insensible to the charms of a reserved seat amid the wealth, beauty, and fashion, nor of hearts too stony not to respond to the worshipful favors of managers, and to the distant but decided reverence of the world of thought, with a first rate, if not, occasionally, a perfectly stunning, notice, their chief, peculiar delight, is to wander amid the fresh flowers and the pure streams, mingling their breath with the incense of native altars, and giving up their souls to the ecstasies of innocence and faith.

We know where to find them in those leisure moments—alas! too few—which they are enabled to snatch from the dull routine of daily service. When their eyes are lifted wearily late at night from the blurred manuscript, and they turn exhausted from their thankless task of creating or directing public opinion, we are aware that their gaze is directed at the quiet and majestic moon, that their heaven-bent souls are filled with the breathless rapture of the star-hung firmament. Long before they fling themselves upon the couch of sleep, it is their time-honored habit to quaff the perfumed breath of night, and the mysterious music of the Infinite wafts them to sweet slumber.

Their haunts in the scarce idle hours of day are far away from the rude and artificial scenes of city life. Their conversation is the very echo of simplicity. Such phrases as they are wont to use seem to proceed from the depths of their honest nature. Their manners, their dress itself, are in beautiful consistency with their creed.

The unprofessional critics, who, with less practical occasion, practice the same force in insisting upon naturalness in art, need no guarantee of sincerity. What more common in educated society than that deep love of truth and reality which finds expression in natural tastes, ambitions, manners? With what enthusiasm do we not behold the lovers of painting recognize and marvel at each beautiful development in the wondrous scheme of the seasons! Does any pageant, however gorgeous—even such a show as that fabulous last scene in 'The Seven Sisters'—attract half so much of their attention as the commonest of God's sunsets? Do waxen flowers and blushes of rouge ever find their way into their houses? Does not their tapestry catch its colors from the sunlight? Was ever face of nature fairer and opener than the faces they show their friends?

Is it not, we ask, the everlasting salvation of Art that it has for its dogma a great vital truth, founded in the hearts of men? Where would be the perception of the truth, if men brought to the painter's canvas, the sculptor's clay, the actor's stage, the poet's pen, hearts warped with deceit, fettered with shams, superficialities, artificialities, and lies? If the critics did not constantly refresh themselves with the perfect forms of a perfect life, could they teach the artist the deformity of his creations? Would the eloquent tribute to Edwin Booth in the last number of this paper have possessed a tithe of its actual value if it had not been paid in such a peculiarly simple and natural style? What credit could have been given by the intelligent reader to the sincerity and accuracy of its verdict, if it had been pronounced with all the affectation and artifice which it included among those 'plainly wrong' troubles of the dramatic art that it is the duty of the 'small voices of unmeasured censure' to expose, and if possible, to remove?

It was grateful to our feelings to perceive both in the substance and style of the article of 'H. N.' a recognition of that great principle in Art, the best illustration of which, as we have endeavored to show, is afforded by the lives of its critics.

It was revolting to our judgment to find in Mr. Booth's performance of 'Richelieu' a radical deficiency of that principle. In the humble trust that our's might be that 'truer vision which embraces the whole landscape, and melts its baser and its finer elements into a symphony of feeling which plays on even beyond the horizon,' we endeavored to 'accept each part and all parts of the actor's impersonation as traces of a conception of character which the end only could fully reveal'; and we are compelled to say that we were not only unable to get any elements of the landscape to melt, but were even unsuccessful in seducing our 'truer vision' to detect any landscape at all; while 'the end' would positively make no revelations of a conception, the traces of which our most attentive memory had carefully caught and gathered together for that very purpose.

For a landscape is the perfect child of nature. It sits smiling on the lap of the Earth. Its features, however strongly marked, are always harmonious. It bears faithfully the likeness of its sublime and eternal source, and is obedient—fulfilling exactly each law of nature, the sternest and the softest decree.

The landscape is not covered with darkness while the sun is in the sky. Its trees do not bend and snap while the air is still. Its streams do not rush hissing through the valleys in Summer, when verdure has crept softly to the crowns of the mountains. It does not change from green to gray in a breath. One blast of Winter does not strip bare its trees, nor does one swallow make its Summer. It is always a consistent and a sensible landscape.

In vain we try to trace similitude between the landscape and the school of dramatic art of which Booth is certainly one of the best exponents, as his father was before him. We cannot grant that the school has in him or his contemporaries, or had in his illustrious predecessors—the Kembles, Keans, Macreadys, etc.—the slightest vindication. What undoubted genius he and they have brought to the illustration and enforcement of its cherished creeds, has been offered on another shrine than that of Nature, before which, as we have shown, all true lovers of art, and especially all the critics, bow the knee.

This school teaches the most audacious and most palpable violation of the nature of experience and of instinct. It outrages common-sense, and gives the lie to plainest fact.

And if Mr. Booth's intellectual powers are as great as his physical advantages undoubtedly are—if they are indeed 'very rare, very remarkable'—if he is 'a poetic and sentimental figure moving forward through the ghostly shapes and traditions of the stage'—if he should be hailed by all of us, as he is so enthusiastically by 'H. N.' as 'the dramatic spirit of Young America,' why, in the name of reason, does he not attest this extraordinary genius by the simplest and the surest symbols, and come out bold and uncompromising, if utterly alone, for Nature? As his 'poetic and sentimental figure moves forward through the ghostly shapes and traditions' why does it not push into the outer darkness the ghostliest of all shapes, that inveterate habit of attitudinizing, that incessant taking of positions and making of points, that measured gait which sane mortal off the stage could never adopt without incurring the just ridicule or the just suspicion of his fellows; and why also does it not crowd into obscurity the ghostliest of all traditions, that castaway even of the courts and outlaw immemorial from the conversation of men—Elocution?

If his is the voice that may give 'clear and beautiful utterance to the genius of old poetry,' why does it find in that genius something hopelessly inconsistent with the colloquial usages of society, and perpetually weary and worry the ear with worse than forensic displays of eloquence? But One 'spake as never man spake,' and He was crucified; and we solemnly assert that if a new-lighted angel, chancing on this earth, should address us in manner like that of the 'star actor,' greatest of the day, we should flee from him to the nearest natural devil, or forever shut our ears against him.

If Edwin Booth is 'the dramatic spirit of Young America, graceful and passionate, standing ready to be encased within the very body of American enterprise and American Art,' why does he not now, at the beginning of his career, catch and embody the natural, vigorous, practical spirit of this glorious realm? If an American actor should be anything, he should be independent, for nature has breathed broadly over his land, and her images everywhere are as hardy as they are beautiful. She invites him over no beaten paths, but into the primeval depths of grand contemplation and heroic action.

Ah no! We cannot 'hail' yet. *Our* 'Richelieu' must be such a statesman, such a diplomatist, as might sit to-day in the counsels of the Capitol. His age (if he must be made an old man) must be indicated more truly and delicately than by a palsy of the limbs, and an inconsistent paralysis of the articulating function. His craft must be too subtile—too real—to need emphasizing by voice or gesture. Not by rubbings of the hands and waggings of the head do the conspirators against the Union of these States now perfect their plans. A child might read a Richelieu as childish in his diplomacy as this shuffling old fool. He must not say pleasant things to a simple-hearted girl,

> "And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
> Thy mate amid the mightiest,"

with such labored eloquence as is far away from home out of the assemblies of stately men. He must not give a few directions to his guard,

> "When he has entered, glide around unseen,"

in the same grandiloquent tone with which he might celebrate the Virgin.

And he must not, above all, degrade the sacerdotal office by howling anathemas upon his foe, with all the strident fury of a belated fireman, and springing upon him like the wild-cat upon its prey.

Not even if he knows that by so doing a houseful of men and women will rise up to cheer him, and ladies will wave their pocket-handkerchiefs.

We tried to show, in the beginning, that none of those cheers are intellectual, and none of that cambric critical. And the roof would rise, we verily believe, with the thunder of satisfaction that would greet this great scene or any scene of true dramatic passion, if it were enacted with even a small show of the terrible vitality of nature.

It is nature that is so fearfully beautiful in the picture of the Dana, and so imposing or charming in every great work of art, and nature, and not noise, that brings the art of the actor close to the universal heart.

And in Booth's acting we feel that we could well afford to exchange a good deal of 'the liquid lustre of the divine spark' for a little of the homely light of truth, and spare almost any amount of 'limpid speech' for the sake of a trifle of sensible, appropriate, and intelligible utterance. N. H.

Chess Column

OF

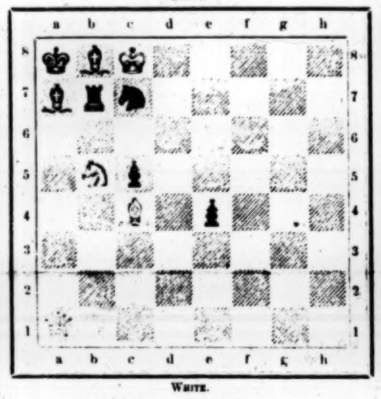
The New York Saturday Press.

December 8, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 56.

By J. C. W., of Philadelphia

Black.



White.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 53.

1. Kt b4—d5	R b1—b7†	1.	R b1—b2
2. K e7—e8		2. Q e1—b3†	K d5—e4
3. ‡		3. Q b3—d3‡	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 54.

1. Q e1—e5†	d6—e5	3. b5—c6†	Q b7—d6
2. b4—b5†	e7—e5	4. Kt b6—d5‡	

Our Problem Tournament.

When a Chess-editor is so unhappily situated, that his weekly consumption of problems exceeds the supply furnished by his contributors, he is apt to have recourse to the tournay expedient,—viz: he offers a prize of some description, for the best problem received up to a certain time; and respectfully invites all the world to become problemists.

To come briefly to the point, we intend to have a problem tournay. But as we wish it to be distinctly understood that we make no departure from the usual routine, we give the following few explanatory remarks: As the *Albion, Frank Leslie's, Chess Monthly, A. C. Association, Clipper, Missouri Democrat, Charleston Courier*, and others, offered prizes for the *best* problems received, and offered them in each case to faulty and poor problems, therefore

We offer for the poorest problem, containing the most faults and defects, a worn-out pen, a daguerreotype-case (once containing the likeness of the editor), a medal (the *sole* one of its kind), eighty-four iron Chess-pawns, and an unpaid draft upon C. A. Smith, of Charleston, S. C.

Also for the most suicidal, and most ridiculous conditional position, we offer the second, seventh, eighth, and tenth numbers of the *Monthly* for 1857. Honorable mention, and the balance of other trophies which we know have been won, but never delivered to the unfortunate winners of the various tournays. Contributions must be sent in previous to the 30th of February, accompanied in each case by an appropriate little rhyme, or mark prefixed to the signature. To secure an impartial verdict, the problems, entrance-fees, etc., will be examined by the judges blindfold.

— The match between New York and Brooklyn is progressing as slowly as such contests always do. New York has already scored enough games to insure the victory, so Brooklyn only plays to reduce the great majority which is against her. We wish that a tournament or match might be arranged between the New York Club and Morphy Chess Rooms. We feel assured that in such a contest, the spirit and enterprise of the young players of the Morphy Rooms would carry them through. A Philadelphian correspondent writes us that Mr. Montgomery's present visit to New York is for the purpose of arranging a match with Mr. Lichtenhein. We hope that such is the case; but we are very much inclined to think that the Philadelphians prefer their champion should rest upon his present untried reputation.

— In the old play, 'Every Man Out of His Humor,' by Ben Jonson, published during the Sixteenth Century, we find the following passage:

> 'Faith, like a pawn at chesse;
> Fills up a roome, that's all.'

Which is but one of the many references to our game, found in those old plays.

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> "who love a coral lip
> And a rosy cheek admire,"

and to those who

> "Interassured of the mind,
> Are careless, eyes, lips, hands, to miss";

for both likings will find satisfaction here.

From the Philadelphia North American.

It was a happy thought that led the editor to the execution of this work. Of the many collections of amatory English Poetry, this is the largest, the most complete, and the most judiciously selected of any that we remember. The name of the editor should be sufficient guaranty to his many admirers that refined taste, delicate discrimination, large knowledge, and that rarest of literary virtues, literary honesty, are everywhere visible in the composition of his volume.

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THE TRIBUNE

For 1861.

PROSPECTUS.

The XXth Volume of the Weekly Tribune commenced with the issue of Sept. 1. During the past year the Tribune has been obliged to devote quite a large proportion of its space to Politics; but we shall soon be able to forego Political discussion almost entirely, for months if not for years, and devote nearly all our columns to subjects of less intense, but more abiding interest. Among these we mean to pay especial attention to—

I. Education.—The whole subject of Education, both Popular and General, will be discussed in our columns throughout the year 1861, and we hope to elicit in that discussion some of the profoundest thinkers and the ablest instructors in our country. It is at once our hope and our resolve that the cause of Education shall receive an impetus from the exertions of the Tribune in its behalf during the year 1861.

II. Agriculture.—We have been compelled to restrict our elucidations of this great interest throughout 1860, and shall endeavor to atone therefor in 1861. Whatever discovery, deduction, demonstration, is calculated to render the reward of labor devoted to cultivation more ample or more certain, shall receive prompt and full attention.

III.—Manufactures, etc.—We hail every invention and enterprise whereby American Capital and Labor are attracted to and advantageously employed in any department of Manufacturing or Mechanical Industry as a real contribution to the Public Weal, insuring ampler, steadier, more convenient, more remunerating markets to the Farmer, with fuller employment and better wages to the Laborer. The progress of Mining, Iron making, Steel making, Cloth Weaving, etc., etc., in our country and the world, shall be watched and reported by us with an earnest and active sympathy.

IV.—Foreign Affairs.—We employ the best correspondents in London, Paris, Turin, Berlin, and other European Capitals, to transmit us early and accurate advices of the great changes there silently but certainly preparing. In spite of the pressure of Domestic Politics, our News from the Old World is now varied and ample; but we shall have to render it more perfect during the eventful year just before us.

V. Home News.—We employ regular paid correspondents in California, at the Isthmus of Darien, in the Rocky Mountain Gold Region, and wherever else they seem requisite. From the more accessible portions of our own country, we derive our information mainly from the multifarious correspondents of the Associated Press, from our exchanges, and the occasional letters of intelligent friends. We aim to print the cheapest general newspaper, with the fullest and most authentic summary of useful intelligence that is anywhere afforded. Hoping to "make each day a critic on the last," and print a better and better paper from year to year, as our means are steadily enlarged through the generous cooperation of our many well-wishers, we solicit, and shall labor to deserve, a continuance of public favor.

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Works of Auguste Comte.

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2. Traité élémentaire de Géométrie Analytique, à deux et à trois dimensions. Chez V. Dalmont, libraire-éditeur, quai des Augustins, 49, Paris, mars 1843. 1 vol. in-8. 7f.

3. Traité Philosophique d'Astronomie Populaire. Chez le même, Paris, 1844. 1 vol. in-8. 6f.

4. Discours sur l'Esprit Positif, prononcé à l'ouverture du Cours d'Astronomie Populaire, en fevrier 1844 (extrait du Traité précédent). Chez le même, Paris, 1844. 1 vol. in 8. 2f.

5. Circulaire proposant une *Association Libre pour l'Instruction Positive du Peuple dans tout l'Occident Européen*. Chez le même, Paris, 25 février 1848. In-4. 50c.

6. Le Fondateur de la Société Positiviste à quiconque désire s'y incorporer. Chez le même, Paris, 8 mars 1848. In-4. 50c.

7. Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme. Réimprimé dans le 1er volume du *Système de Politique Positive*. Chez le même, Paris, juillet 1848. 1 vol. in-8. 4f. 50c.

8. Discours prononcé aux funérailles de Blainville, le 7 mai 1850. Réimprimé dans le 1er volume du *Système de Politique Positive*. Chez le même, Paris, in-4. 50c.

9. Système de Politique Positive, ou Traité de Sociologie instituant la Religion de l'Humanité. Chez le même, Paris, 1851–1854 4 vol. in-8. 30f. 50c. Le 1er volume (juillet 1851), contenant le *Discours Préliminaire* et l'*Introduction Fondamentale*, ne se vend plus séparément.......Le 2ème volume (mai 1852), contenant la *Statique Sociale* ou la *Théorie de l'Ordre*, se vend 6f. ....Le 3ème volume (septembre 1853), contenant la *Dynamique Sociale* ou la *Théorie du Progrès* (Philosophie de l'Histoire), se vend 7f. 50c. .....La 4ème volume (août 1854), contenant le *Tableau de l'Avenir Humain* et l'*Appendice général*, se vend 9f. . . ...L'Appendice général du *Système de Politique Positive* contient les premiers opuscules d'Auguste Comte, savoir:

   a. Ebauche Philosophique de l'ensemble du passé depuis le milieu du moyen âge; publiée en 1820 dans l'*Organisateur*.

   b. Plan des Travaux Scientifiques nécessaires pour Réorganiser la Société. Paris, 1822. Reimprimé deux ans après, avec quelques additions, dans le 3ème cahier du *Catéchisme des Industriels*, sous le titre général de *Système de Politique Positive*, Paris, 1824.

   c. Considérations Philosophiques sur les Sciences et les Savants; publiées en 1825 dans les Nos. 7, 8 et 10 du *Producteur*.

   d. Considérations sur le Pouvoir Spirituel; publiées en 1826 dans les Nos. 13, 20 et 21 du *Producteur*.

• 10. Catéchisme Positiviste, ou Sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universelle. Chez le même, Paris, octobre 1852. 1 vol. in-12. 3f.

• 11. Calendrier Positiviste. 4ème édition. Chez le même. Paris, mai 1852. Br. in-8. 50c.

• 12. Bibliothèque du Prolétaire au dixneuvième siècle. Chez le même, 2ème édition. Paris, septembre 1852. Réimprimé dans le *Catéchisme*; demi-feuille in-8. 50c.

13. Appel aux Conservateurs par le Fondateur du Positivisme. Chez le même. Paris, août 1855, in-8. 3f.

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[CONCLUDED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

"No, indeed; we're goin' to Baten—see what stuff he's made of. Guess the boys 'll be still enough to-day."

"I'll warrant they'll all be thar," grumbled old man Leighton.

Which was a safe guess. For, next to a circus, nothing draws so large a crowd in an Indiana village as public speaking of any kind; and above all, a new preacher. A talent for oratory is worshipped by all the West; and a man who really has something to say, and knows how to say it as though he believed with all his heart, could not have a more appreciative audience than these rough unlettered Indiana farmers. Nor will you find anywhere sharper or more relentless critics than these. As logical as children, and as impatient of humbug, they are ever ready with a biting word, which inevitably pierces to the core of some conscious misstatement, or sophistry which the speaker is not himself taken in by.

So the sister and brother rode off together in advance, while the old folks followed at such leisurely pace as suited the bay mare, who had had her own way so many years that she took it now as a matter of right.

Miranda had just returned from school. In Indiana the boys must work, and their schooling comes, if at all, by fits and starts—as they say lawyers get to heaven. It is theirs to battle with the primal curse from their earliest years, and such learning as they get is picked up at odd times, and chiefly from their Bibles and the agricultural papers. But the girls go to school. For them money is laid by; and as they grow to young-womanhood, poor indeed must be the farmer who does not send his daughter away to boarding-school in some city or larger town, where she has at any rate, the opportunity to gather such of the ways, and thoughts, and accomplishments of a more finished culture as may assimilate best to her nature. With these advantages the daughter becomes the oracle of the house, cherished by all as a being of superior mould, and greatly held in awe by younger brothers, who submit with what grace may be, to her dominion. Miranda, as I said, had just returned from school. The free air and pleasanter sunshine of this Sunday morning, and the exhilarating canter of the pony, raised her spirits, and gave her courage to administer a scolding to John, some of whose tricks she had heard of on her return from school at Louisville.

"Don't you see it's very wrong?" she asked, with such a sparkle in her eyes as made it vaguely doubtful to contrite John whether it was nearly so wrong as he had before thought to tie a kitten under the bench occupied by the young ladies' Bible class in church, where it had miawed dismally at every pause in the sermon, to the great distress of the young ladies and the intense delight of the boys.

"Don't you see it's wrong?" she repeated. "Didn't mother always tell you to be a good boy; and didn't I always tell you to behave?"

"I'm going to be as good as pie, now you've come back, Sis," said John, turning towards the pleased Miranda a face really expressive of a vast amount of contrition. But alas! as he turned in the saddle a horrifying screech of feline agony interrupted this charming scene.

"O Lord!" exclaimed John, sliding nimbly off his horse, and making a desperate grab after his coat-tails, from a pocket in one of which presently emerged a good-sized cat, spitting out in evident rage at her treatment, and with eyes sparkling, head down, and tail erect, rushed off into the woods.

There was a dead and ominous silence for the space of twenty interminable seconds.

"Now, John!" at last exclaimed Miranda, very slowly, and with an injured air; "now, John!"

And then the little witch could hold her grave face no longer, but burst out into such a peal of laughter that the pony was really at a loss to know what it all meant, while the bay mare hurried up her lagging paces, very much surprised indeed, and anxious to discover the cause of such sudden merriment.

"You bad, wicked boy!" exclaimed Miranda, catching a moment's breath, and with it a grave face; but seeing John still standing by his horse, with red face, and hands closely held to his coat-tails, she broke away again into a laugh which the woods were very glad indeed to echo.

"I didn't mean to've sot on her," said John, respectfully, willing to mollify his sister; "guess she aint hurt much."

"I'll catch her if you like," he added, suddenly, in the hope that an offer of service, of whatever kind, would help him out.

"'Taint that, you dreadful boy. You know very well," laughed Miranda, trying to assume that severity of countenance which she felt the occasion and the offence demanded. "What was the cat doing in your pocket, you dreadful fellow?"

"Can't a feller take his cat to church without you pitchin' into him?" retorted John, in injured tones; and then feeling that defence was worse than useless in his case, and seeing, besides, the bay mare approaching, with father and mother peering curiously at their children, he judged it prudent to remount his horse and ride off at such pace that he was not likely to be caught. But as he rode Miranda noticed, with a chuckle of satisfaction, that he still held one hand carefully near that coat-pocket which had contained the luckless cat.

III.

The Reverend Paul Clifton rose early on this Sunday morning, and was the first man—after the sexton—to enter the church. To say that he felt comfortable would be to make him out a fool, which he was not. It was a novel situation; and I dare say it costs a gentleman more serious thought to preach to a congregation of Indiana farmers than it does Peter Cartwright to expound his Gospel to a Fifth avenue audience. When he had seen his church (or meetinghouse)—when he had made the acquaintance of the sexton, and some others of the leading members—when he had slept upon his impressions—and now, on this bright Sunday morning, was arrived at the climax of his troubles, the reader who can realise that the Reverent Paul was not only an honest young fellow, but also a man who thought modestly of his own abilities, will not be surprised that he sat in uncomfortable anxiety for the result.

For to fail here was to fail utterly. I am ashamed to refer again to Mr. Darwin (whose philosophy, by the way, I distinctly repudiate), but here was what that eminent naturalist very properly calls a 'struggle for life.'

It was only in these two days that the solemn question, 'What is the full force and meaning of this office I have taken upon myself?' began to crowd upon him in all its wide and serious bearings.

And what, indeed, is it to be what we call indifferently preacher, pastor, missionary?

The Natural History of the Clergyman is still to be written. I do not intend to bore the sufficiently impatient reader by interpolating in this place any attempt at so important a work. But pending the advent of the great ecclesiastical Agassiz, who shall prevent me from setting down here my little preliminary 'Essay on Classification'? See: there is,

1. The washy-washy young man, who would starve in any other calling, and therefore literally 'preaches for a living';

2. The fluent young man, who preaches because that is the most impressive way of saying nothing;

3. The ambitious young man, who sees that the prefix Reverend gives, even in our Protestant America, a certain power and influence to its possessor;

4. The wide-awake young man, who knows that for him there is no such easy way to gain bread and butter and honor (and a rich wife), as the pulpit;

5. The studious young man, who turns clergyman that he may gain leisure for his favorite books and studies;

6. The young man who has [illegible] theory of Christianity, [illegible]

able to quiet the world. [illegible] think, lacks only a little true piety to be indeed the model clergyman of the age;

And, lastly—not to make this list too long—there is your man who, feeling not only his neighbor's but his own pride, and selfishness, and arrogance, and forgetfulness of God, and of all good deeds and works, feels also that above all mere [illegible] for place, or power, or superfluous bread and butter, or any low ambition whatever, is the divine office of leading his fellows from these abysses, where devils lie in wait for their souls, to those green fields where Christ the Shepherd ever waits His sheep. To such men, He said of old, and says to-day, 'Go ye into all the world and proclaim the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem.' To such Christ is He who 'came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' These are they, the true ministers of His Word, following and teaching Him with that divine love and charity which compels the rudest souls. Shall we complain if any such go forth comprehending their great work vaguely—looking out upon it as through a glass, darkly? Doubting—hesitating—in fear and trembling? Like Gideon, the son of Joash, asking vain signs of their Lord? I think few men set out on their life-work—if it be anything higher than mere selfish toil—with any clear ideas of what they are to do. Your logical man is your thorough rascal. So let us not doubt of Paul Clifton, if his heart sank down into his boots as he sat in his pulpit on that Sunday morning, watching the entrance of his congregation; who now began to slide in in little awkward squads of six or seven, bashfully examining 'the new minister' as they pushed up the aisles into their seats.

They need not strain their eyes to see him. Here was no dim religious light, such as some of our city churches affect, and which is so admirable an anodyne that I don't wonder wearied Wall street cultivates it. The broad pleasant sunshine poured in boldly through that part of the open and curtainless windows not obstructed by the opaque bodies of sundry Hoosier lads who preferred a seat in the window ledges—a luxury refused them on week days, when slab-sided Jehoram Baker, the Yankee pedagogue, here taught the young idea how to shoot.

And now as Miranda, her face composed, and her hand holding her brother's arm, marched that reluctant youth up the aisle, her dress caught one of the intellectual popguns which lay at random about the floor; whereat a small boy, coming behind with his mother, gave an anxious glance, then dove down desperately into the crowd, crying out in his shrill treble, 'Dog on it, that's my speller!' Then brandished aloft the precious dog's-eared volume he had rescued, and was incontinently suppressed by his irate mother, who looked maternal thunders at the unlucky urchin who had dared to 'holler out in meetin'!'

Paul smiled as his eyes took in the scene, whose grotesque humor relieved him for a moment from his load of anxiety. A man who has really a laugh in him never carries it nearer the surface than when he is thoroughly wretched. And now the service began.

If you think I am going to give you the sermon—or any part of it—you are mistaken. A mere sermon don't often convert anybody—not even the preacher. Old John Wesley augured badly of the man who told him that he (Wesley) had converted him; and begged him to pray the Lord to do it over.

Webster defines a sermon to be a pious and instructive discourse. Now, it can't be pious without being instructive; and moreover, Dr. Webster's definition excludes a considerable class of sermons, which are neither pious nor instructive, but only logical, or theological, which is worse. For I believe, with one of our greatest preachers, that all theology comes of the devil; and when a man gets into his pulpit, and begins to lay out the Christian doctrine to me by rule of thumb, or by any other rule but that golden one of which Christ said that he who keeps this fulfils all the law and the prophets—then I try very hard to run my thoughts off on some little side track of my own where they may quietly take another train and go to a quite different place from the preacher's.

When Paul rose he read aloud those beautiful promises of Christ on the Mount. And as he read, his heart, so long dumb with fear before this strange people, grew strong and full with the dear love which speaks in every line of those blessed words. It is not so much words a speaker needs as thoughts; and not so much thoughts as the one great inspiring thought which shall bind his audience to him, and make him and them from that time kindred and of one spirit. In this sign we conquer. And this sign? We call it sympathy. He called it love. In what manner should he speak? How should he manage to please them? had been Paul's troubled thought. But now they were no longer they. No longer farmers, rude, uncouth, peculiar, different—but men and brethren, of the same thoughts, the same hopes, the same fears, the same heaven-born aspirations. Not strangers, but kindred, saved by the same blood, reaping the same promises, tempted in all things, even as was He who suffered all that we might follow him. "Be you all things to all men," said the Apostle; to whom this command was doubtless plainer than to some of his successors.

Do you think words fail the man whose heart is full to bursting? Words these were of Paul's, neither brilliant nor fine, nor profound, nor trashy; but very simple indeed. And though this young man had satisfactorily displayed his talents before divers cultivated city congregations, this was in truth the first sermon of his which went to his own heart. Do you know what Christ meant when he said to them: "Go ye and preach this Gospel to all the nations, beginning at Jerusalem?"

Jehoram Baker, the callous Yankee pedagogue, who could stand more hard preaching than any man I ever knew, was cheated of his customary nap that morning. The people were very much surprised. They didn't quite understand it. That is to say—they did. When Paul came among them after service it was not as 'the new minister,' but as an old friend. He needed no introduction to men and women whose hearts he had touched so nearly. He was one of themselves. No fine city gentleman come to teach rough Hoosiers what they knew perhaps better than he. Nor any rude soldier of the Cross, so overwhelming them with the thunder of his Gospel artillery as to leave no hearing for the soft loving voice of the great Captain of our salvation, who wills not the death of sinners (and surely never wished to see them damned before they were dead). Nor lastly, was he, to their conception, any theological mummy, stiff with the wrappings of old formulas, and with dry husks where live men keep their hearts.

Only a gentleman.

I hope nobody will ask me to say 'Christian gentleman,' because then I shall think my corrector does not know what it is to be a gentleman.

And do you think a gentleman cannot prevail with such plain folk as these without bluster, and casting away his own true nature? Does not the greater contain the less? And who told you that this old Hoosier farmer, in cowhide boots and homespun clothes, slow of speech and awkward in manner, is not the truest gentleman God ever made?

IV.

"Father says you must come home with us," said Miranda Leighton, pointing to where 'Father' stood before the meetinghouse door, holding the mare, who was restive for her dinner. There were invitations a plenty to 'come and stay with us;' but Squire Leighton carried the day, and bore off Paul, who found himself presently in a comfortable farm-house, where his host presented him in farmer fashion:

"This is the old lady; this is Miranda; and this is John, my boy. I [illegible] he wasn't such a bad boy. Make yourself at home, and try to like us and our ways. They aint very fine; but we mean what we say [illegible]."

"[illegible] John [illegible]" Paul [illegible]

with that [illegible] a certain degree of [illegible] amiable.

Whereupon John's [illegible] of his tricky propensities, of his [illegible] his fondness for other boys' [illegible]; and Miranda completed the display of [illegible] depravity by relating the incident of the cat.

At which the Reverend Paul laughed [illegible] even glum John ventured on a smile, and [illegible] her fun all over again.

When dinner was over, and while the old folks smoked their pipes, Paul persuaded John to show him over the farm. The consequence of which [illegible] was that John returned to Miranda with [illegible], and the remark that "that thar minister [illegible] like any other he ever saw."

"Why, Sis," said the poor fellow, "he laughs just like other people; and made me tell him about every thing on the place. And he likes fishing, and I'm going to show him the creek. And he didn't know what a harrow was till I told him," added John, with a chuckle, "and I'm to show him how to plow."

"So you think he'll do?" queried Miranda, quietly.

"I dunno yet," said John, assuming his cautious look; "I dunno yet—but I think."

Having won over John, Paul's fame soon went through all the country-side; and as he proved himself a tolerable shot, a good fisherman, and a sensible fellow generally, 'the boys,' who had been so long the plague of Shottover meetinghouse, presently made him their honored captain, without whose presence or countenance no fun could prosper, while they delighted to be for him a guard, often more zealous than wise.

But what avails to recount at length the peaceful triumphs of the Reverend Paul Clifton? His first victory decided the campaign; and he surprised the brethren at the next annual Conference meeting by requesting (unless some one else wished the place) to be 'continued' in Shottover another year.

"What Paul Clifton could have found in Shottover?" was a question which puzzled everybody but Paul Clifton himself, till one day—

—Fair, and gentle, and dearly-beloved reader, you guessed it long ago, didn't you? And I am not such an ungrateful boor as to disappoint you—

—till one day the bishop was invited to dedicate a new meetinghouse in Shottover; and this done, was requested to 'unite in the holy bonds of matrimony' (which bonds they bear lightly to this day)

THE REVEREND PAUL CLIFTON

AND

MISS MIRANDA LEIGHTON.

John was present, in a great state of mind and shirt-collar, and after the ceremony was over, and the company had adjourned, privately bestowed his blessing on Miranda, declaring that 'she'd got the best feller that ever lived for a husband—of he was a preacher.'

[From the San Francisco Golden Era.]

THE ARGUMENT OF LURLINE.

BY J. KETSER.

AIR—'*The Tall Young Oysterman.*'

I.

Count Rudolph was a noble gent, as lived upon the Rhine,
Who spent his money very free in Lager Bier and Wine;
The Baron Truenfels, likewise, was neighbor of the same,
Which had a rather uppish girl—G. Truenfels by name.

II.

Rudolph would wed Miss Truenfels, but wasn't it a go?
Each thought the other had the tin (you know how lovers blow),
But when old T. says 'Pungle down,' Count Rudolph he says, 'Stuff;
I've youth and rank, that's more than gold,' says G. 'it aint enough.'

III.

'I wants a diamond thingamy—likewise a nice trousseau,
I wants a kerridge of me own, and so young man adieu;'
The Baron also cuts up rough—but Rudolph is content,
And merely takes a stiffer horn, observing 'jist her went.'

IV.

Now just before this jolly row, a gal they called Lurline
Was living down at Lurlineburgh, of which she was the Queen;
She was a lady Dashaway—when water was on hand,
But had some spirits of her own she likewise could command.

V.

This girl close by a whirlpool sat—this female named Lurline,
And played with most exquisite taste upon the tamborine;
The way the sailors steered into them whirlpools was a sin—
Young men beware of sich sirens who thus take fellers in.

VI.

Now Count Rudolph was wide awake, beyond the power of suction;
Which caused Lurline to fall in love and seek an introduction.
And when he's tight, one day, she slips a ring upon his finger;
And thus Count Rudolph is bewitched by that bewitching singer.

VII.

Then straightway in his boat he jumps, which soon begins to sink,
While all his brave com-pan-i-ons are yelling on the brink
'You'r half-seas-over now, you fool—come back, you'll surely drown.'
Down goes the gallant German gent, a whistling 'Derry Down.'

VIII.

Down, down among the oyster-beds, he finds the sweet Lurline,
A cutting such a heavy swell—a [illegible];
Her father Rhineberg's very rich, and fellers [illegible] who punned,
'He took deposits from the tars and kept a [illegible] fund.'

IX.

Count Rudolph did consent to stay at Rhineberg's fish hotel,
And half made up his mind that with Lurline he'd ever dwell.
'I'm partial to the water-cure and [illegible],' says he,
'But such as you, Miss Rhineberg, are a [illegible] per se.'

X.

But suddenly he hears a noise, which made him [illegible] on some,—
The howling of his friends above—says he, '[illegible] go home,
Good-bye, Miss R.' 'Hold up!' says she, '[illegible] the handsome thing,
I'll give this [illegible] chunk of gold. You keep my magic ring.'

XI.

So Rudolph takes the ring and gold, and [illegible] with a rush,
And very glad his neighbors was to see him come so flush.
And even old Miss Truenfels [illegible],
And says, 'I always thought you was [illegible] man.'

XII.

Likewise she says, 'my eye,' and [illegible] faint away.
And sich like [illegible]. But the Count [illegible] now, that won't pay!
I loves another!' '[illegible]' [illegible] river
Say whose?' 'My gal's!' [illegible] it in the river.

XIII.

Now one of Lurline's [illegible]
To her and says, '[illegible] young [illegible].'
Poor Lurline [illegible] her pain
She [illegible] again.

XIV.

'[illegible]
On [illegible]
And [illegible]
And [illegible].'

XV.

[illegible]
[illegible] the tide began to [illegible]
[illegible] swept away the bridge at [illegible]
They [illegible] the [illegible], their chances [illegible].

XVI.

It was until the wicked all had found a watery grave—
And then it sunk and left Rudolph and neighbors in a cave.
Rudolph then marries Miss Lurline; is happy, rich, and able
To take the lowest bid to lay the next Atlantic Cable.

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I strike up for a New World."

From The Dial (Cincinnati), 1860.

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